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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 16 JANUARY 1983 NO. 1

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Is Papa Brezhnev in Heaven?

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A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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V. S. PRITCHETT on The Folio Society

A year or two ago I overheard a bibliophile mutter 'Reader' with disappointment as he sniffed along my chaotic bookshelves. Of course! Not only a reader, but a re-reader, for a writer's books are the tools of his trade. Most of my books are serviceable: there is the occasional gleam of an elegant production, but there is a lot of the reach-me-down bought out of my wages when I was young, and some – like my French and Spanish, though not my Russian – are getting tatty and my eyesight is not up to the grey print of modern replacements. The sharp decline in so much of our present printing and our binding seems to me one more sign of the decline in the honour in which a literary culture was once held. It is because The Folio Society restores this honour to literature and its authors that I am more than eager to speak for them.

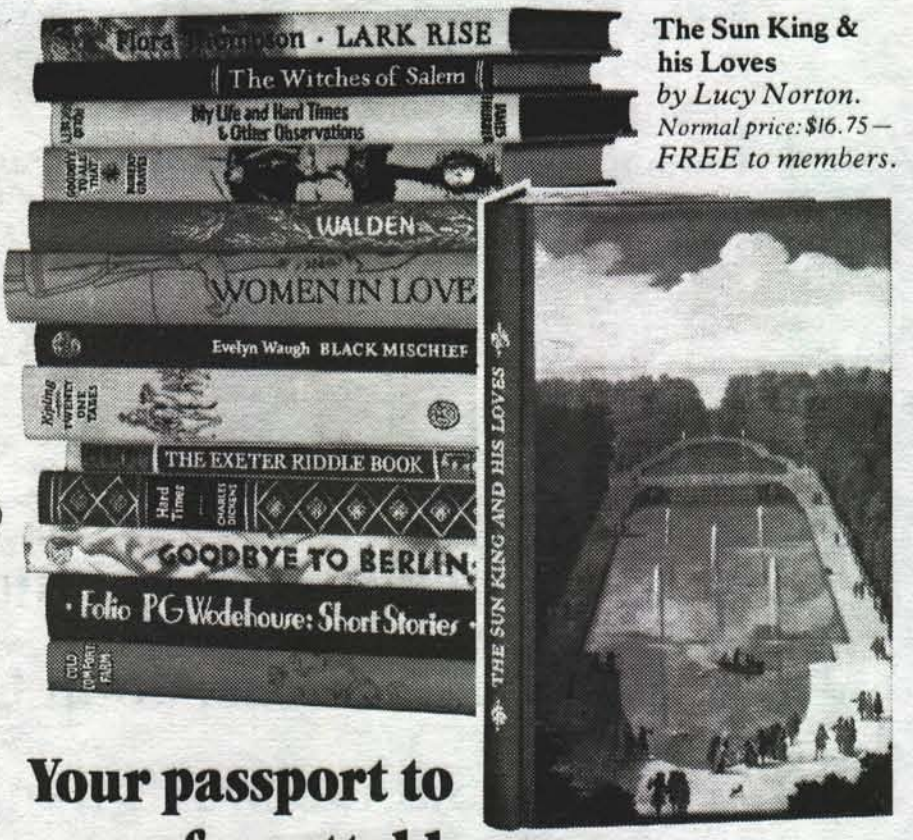
Drawing by Quentin Blake from *Scoop*

When I think of getting a new copy of a book that has been pinched from my shelves – Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time* or Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* for example – I know now where to look for a distinctive edition worthy of the author and of my trade. I am no bibliophile. I do not chase first editions. I want to do the authors honour because they have lasted, whether they are major, minor or eccentric figures. All are links in the chain: no minor writers, no major writers. We learn from one another at random.

My stolen Lermontov, that marvellous Russian short story, *A Hero of Our Time*, seminal to the Russian and indeed European short story, was schoolbookish. In Folio it is elegant but not arty: like all Folio's editions it is intelligently introduced and in this case lithographs by Dodie Masterman evoke the romantic Byronic tale. The Folio volumes have revived and reconsidered the Victorian art of illustration. My Turgenevs were good but small and worn. The Folio edition of his *Fathers and Sons* is graceful, suited to the delicate master of Russian prose, who was above all a man of taste himself; here again the lithographs of János Kass add their comment on the manners of his society. There is also a collection of six Turgenev stories. Five are certainly his best: *The Superfluous Man, Mumu, King Lear of the Steppes, Asya, First Love*. The sixth, Turgenev's last tale, *The Song of Triumphant Love*, has irritated or bewildered many critics, including Richard Freeborn the present translator, who speculates on Turgenev's elderly experiments in the occult and Oriental. To my ear this tale has chiefly a biographical interest: I suspect it of starting as one of those fanciful operettas he used to write as a doubtful compliment to the singer Pauline Viardot who tormented him.

There are finds. Two years ago I needed to look at one of Trollope's short stories, particularly *Lotte Schmidt*, so well spoken of. Impossible to find a copy outside the British Museum, but here it is in the Folio *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*, introduced by Julian Symons. At last, too, I can get Bewick's *My Life:* there is an incurable amateur naturalist in English readers, but I want it for the exquisite engravings. And then there are books one ought to have known and which I know now I shall never read but which some younger maniac might jump at. One tantalises me with the memory of an irrecoverable impulse. I was mad about the Fall of Granada when I was thirteen. I even wrote 150 pages of a novel on the subject at that time. Why didn't I know of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza's eyewitness report *The War in Granada*? How sad.

But Folio does strike a balance between the old and the new, the solid and the esoteric. Classics like *Pickwick Papers* and *Our Mutual Friend* need to look new to the taste of later generations; and the great English gift for comedy and satire has its moderns like Stella Gibbons' wicked fun with the rustic novels of the T.F. Powys period, *Cold Comfort Farm*. Like Waugh's *Scoop* and *Black Mischief*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, they deserve their commemoration. In the Twenties, privately-printed editions played an important part in drawing attention to new writing and the established. Folio does this for us now.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CONTENTS

Afghanistan: The Brezhnev Doctrine Lives!.....John Samuels 10
. . . with the tacit support of the American Coolhead community.

The Kindly Mr. Updike.....Mitchell S. Ross 14
Appearances notwithstanding, John Updike may now be the foremost chronicler of Middle American mores.

Politique Internationale: The Case of the Greek Ayatollah .....Taki 18
Our dashing European correspondent files his first political column from the birthplace of selective democracy.

The *Dartmouth Review* and the Campus Right.....Tod Lindberg 19
A young neoconservative journalist raises some objections.

The Paradox of Campaign '82.....Fred Barnes 21
The Republicans lost but "liberal" remains a dirty word.

DEPARTMENTS

Capitol Ideas / Burgers on the Left Bank.....Tom Bethell 6

Editorial / Papa Brezhnev (1906-1982) / Bishops at the Barricades .. ..R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 7

The Continuing Crisis..... 9

The Nation's Pulse / Darkness in California.....John Wettergreen 23

The Campus / Columbia Journalism's Class of '82 ....Eleanore B. Goodman 25

The Talkies / The Meisterslinger.....Martha Bayles 28

Eminentoes / Mussolinismo .....Arnold Beichman 29

Correspondence..... 31

Spectator's Journal / A Solzhenitsyn's Tribute.....Rael Jean Isaac 39

Current Wisdom .....Assorted Jackasses 43

BOOK REVIEWS

Atlantic High, by William F. Buckley, Jr. .....Luigi Barzini 32

Monsignor Quixote, by Graham Greene.....John P. Sisk 33

When the Going Was Good!: American Life in the Fifties, by Jeffrey Hart .....Karl O'Lessker 34

Courier from Warsaw, by Jan Nowak .....Roger Kaplan 36

Separation of Church and State: Historical Fact and Current Fiction, by Robert L. Cord.....Terry Eastland 36

The Book of Fortune, by Daniel Mark Epstein .....Jeffrey Hart 38

COVER DRAWING by Elliott Banfield

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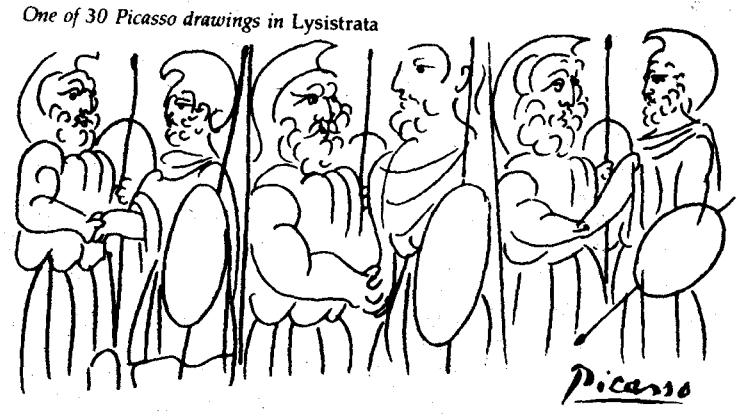

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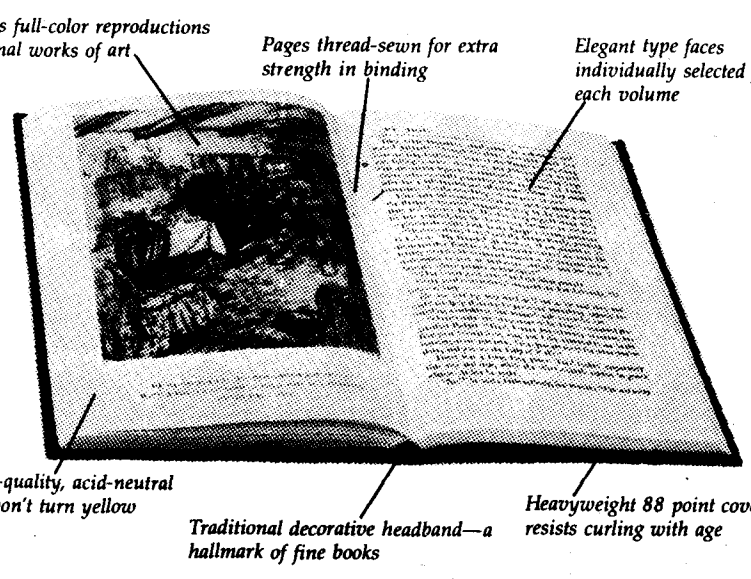
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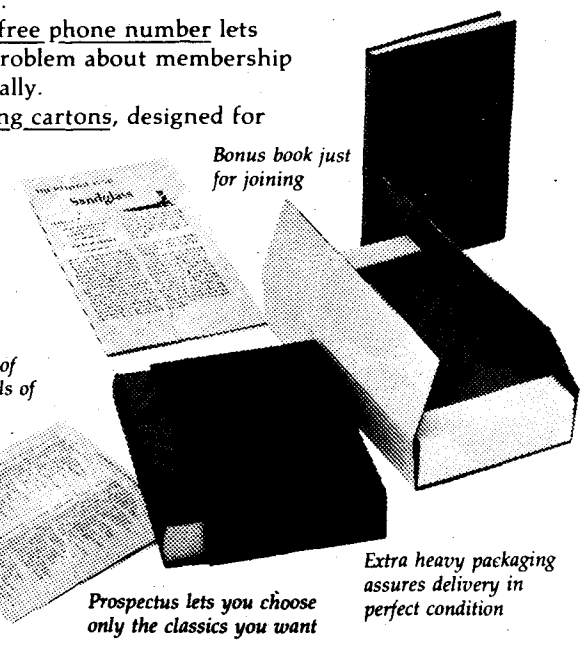
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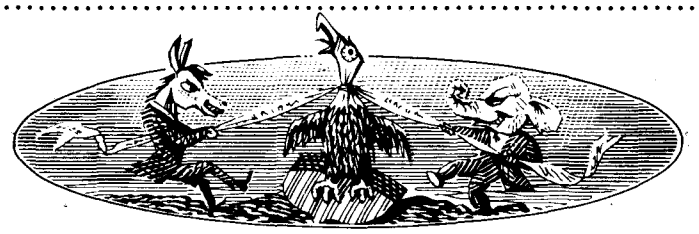

BURGERS ON THE LEFT BANK

by Tom Bethell

It was at one of those dotty UNESCO conferences they keep holding in various parts of the globe that the French minister of culture Jack (not Jacques) Lang launched into his diatribe against "American cultural imperialism." Poor old Jack, I think he must be descended from Scottish crofters or something, so no wonder he's a little uncertain about the Gallic contribution to twentieth-century culture. (Let's see now, Pol Pot attended the Sorbonne . . . then there was Jean Paul Sartre, Ho Chi Minh . . .)

"Is it our fate to be the vassals of the huge empire of profit?" Jack Lang asked UNESCO delegates in Mexico City. He thought that this empire was trying to impose "a uniform way of life on the whole planet," in the process constituting a grave threat to such nations as Cuba, "a valuable country that is building a new society." (The man has no shame, apparently.)

Crofter Jack went on to call for "real cultural resistance, a real crusade against—let's call things by their name—this financial and intellectual imperialism that no longer grabs territory, or rarely, but grabs consciousness, ways of thinking, ways of living. . . . We must act if tomorrow we don't want to be nothing but the sandwich board of the multinationals." A year earlier he had even tried to restrict the distribution of American films in France, no doubt much to the dismay of all those Left Bank *cinéastes* who for the last quarter century have been displaying their discernment by analyzing Howard Hawks and early Hitchcock.

Anyway, a few weeks ago I had the good fortune to spend a few days in Paris, and while I was there I managed to tear myself away from the M'Bow Show (also known as the UNESCO Follies, open 9-5, Place Fontenoy, 7th arrondisement), in order to take in a little indigenous French culture.

Naturally, then, I made straight for the Centre d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, the Parisian palace of culture. And what a glowing tribute to American culture this strange building turned out to be. Obviously the first thing about it is that it is meant to shock. It is as though its architects had first envisioned some immensely middle-class, easily shocked French family in town from the provinces, and then laid their plans in such a way as to make these poor rural folk recoil in horror. You can imagine Crofter Jack and his *très* daring designer friends hiding behind a nearby pillar the day after the building was finished—the better to watch the country folk slip up on the banana skin of their conventional expectations. There! Bourgeois Shock had been registered! Mission accomplished. Back, then, to the Ministry of Culture to help Third World build new society.

The only problem was that in order to achieve this comic effect the bourgeoisie-baiters had erected a distinctly American-looking structure. I mean, you went around the corner, and there, set down amidst the good old slate-grey hoity toits of Victor Hugoland was this weird . . . you would swear you had seen its twin in the shape of an oil refinery perched on the eastern outskirts of Galveston, Texas, or set down in the bayous and sugar-cane fields of Southern Louisiana: a Baytown industrial complex of pipes, scaffolding, exposed innards, stacks, and chutes, with the Parisian addition of big 1930s-style transatlantic liner air-intake funnels, giant foghorns, external tubular escalators . . .

In front of the building was a large cobbled square, crowded with people, mostly young. Two or three of them, perhaps, were not wearing blue jeans by Levi or Jordache. They were mostly formed into rings of spectators, in the midst of which chalk-faced mimers were grimacing and gesticulating—so very Gallic, don't you think? I suppose they were emulating Marcel Marceau, the greatest gesticulator (and bore) of them all. I was reminded that Jack Lang had retorted at one point that indeed he did like American culture, some of it at least—citing John Cage, Merce Cunningham, and a troupe called "Bread and Puppet." Lang had arranged for the latter to perform for the benefit of Parisians on Le Metro. Dare one point out that socialist Jack Lang has cultural taste so elitist that it could not survive without taxpayers' subsidies? (Yes, but we all knew that that business about the "proletariat" was not meant to be taken too seriously.)

At the entrance to the Centre you are first invited to experience, by way of cultural *hors d'oeuvre*, a little bit of spicy political indignation. There is a display denouncing La Dictature Uruguayenne, complete with pictures of nine "*otages*"—Tupamaros nasties someone seems to have put behind bars, no doubt thereby displaying sound common sense.

Friends, you have to pay good money to get into this *Musée*—18 francs for a full-day pass—but if, for example, you have a keen interest in *le film Américain*, it's a bargain. Make your way to the *cinéaste* section, and there you will find more books on the subject than you knew existed. Orson Welles looks portentously out at you from a dust jacket as you browse through "Le Correspondance de Groucho Marx," Gable and Grable galore, "Les Films de James Cagney," and "Telly Savalas," a book beginning with the sentence: "Porquoi Kojak?" For those who like to play cultural parlor games, they even have "The Westerners: A Picture Quiz Book," with 238 stills.

All in all, if you're feeling homesick, it's a nice little home away from home that the lads from the Ministère Culturel have inadvertently set up. As a part of its thirty years of experimental film, the Cinématheque française was showing on Wednesday

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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Pursuit to Algiers by R.W. Neill (USA, 1945), and *Our Daily Bread* by King Vidor (USA, 1934). For some reason, in this part of the museum, there could be heard a bagpipe recording of some well-known Scottish jig (one of Crofter Jack's little jokes?).

I'm afraid it's true that they have been culturally colonized to some extent, but really, if Lang can't keep American influence out of his own Centre National d'Art et de Culture, he's probably fighting a hopeless battle.

You can go on upstairs to the main museum floors, but I don't recommend it highly. Do you ever get that feeling when you enter an art museum that you have invisible 100-pound weights attached to both legs? Be prepared for 200-pound weights here, amidst the prissy Kandinskys and the Giacometti wire, the Calder bores and the lightweight Légers. What Vladimir Nabokov so well described fifteen years ago has been religiously preserved in Paris: "Crankshaft cretins of stainless steel, zen stereos, polystyrene stinkbirds, objects trouves in latrines, cannon balls, canned balls . . . Freudian surrealism, roric smudges and Rorschach blots—all of it as corny in its own right as the academic 'September Morns' and 'Florentine Flowergirls' of half a century ago."

While in Paris, it can be difficult to find a place to eat where you don't have to worry about mysterious additions to *l'addition*, three different sauces covering up your gristly *bifteck*, and so on. May I recommend, then, Manhattan Burger, only a couple of blocks from the art center, at the corner of Rue des Lombards and Rue St. Martin (4th arrondisement). As I went in, a loudspeaker was playing a Ray Charles record (*good* Ray Charles, too—the French know their Ray Charles). The hamburger on sesame-seed bun was easily up to the American standard, the French *frites* every bit as good as our French fries, the milk shake not bad, and the service excellent: no rude *garçons* here, thank God, but the familiar, cheery gals who seem to work behind the counter wherever such eateries are to be found.

The price was right, too—less than a dollar for a cheeseburger and about 50 cents for *les frites*. Thanks to Monsieur Mitterrand's unwise socialist experiment, which makes all sensible investors nervous, a lot of Frenchmen have been trying to get rid of their francs, which means the money-changers do give you a decent number of them for a dollar these days. So now's the time to visit, folks. Pack your primary-color pants and your Madras blazers, bring along a couple of cameras to take snaps of the quaint artists in Montmartre, hop on the plane, and enjoy life for a few days in colonial Paris.

I left Manhattan Burger and made my way to the Ile de la Cité, the island on the Seine which contains some very famous old buildings, including of course Notre Dame de Paris. Again, it was only a short walk. Ah! But here we finally do find French culture—at Notre Dame. What a building! There's no doubt about it, the French have a winner here. Notre Dame's old white stones look like dry old bones, but living still. Inside, by the door, was a throng of tourists, but beyond them a congregation filled the nave and at the altar priests were celebrating Vespers as though Vatican II hadn't happened. The congregation sang the Magnificat in Latin—Gregorian chant (*ton royal*).

Here was French culture, still alive and well. The 800-year-old building and the at-least-as-ancient music showed little signs of having been affected by the passage of so much time: the Battles of Crécy and Agincourt, the Renaissance and the Reformation, Louis XIV, the Enlightenment, Rousseau, Voltaire, Robespierre and the French Revolution, Napoleon and the Revolution of 1848, all had come and gone and left little impression on these architectural and musical expressions of the permanent. Eight hundred years! One hazards a guess, so remarkable is this building and so enduring its appeal, that it must have been constructed when French culture was at its peak. It has been downhill ever since, *n'est-ce pas*, Jack Lang? □

EDITORIAL

PAPA BREZHNEV (1906-1982)

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

"Will Leonid Brezhnev resign from his many leadership posts in December?" Thus begins an immensely informative discussion of possible successors in the October 27 number of *Soviet Analyst*, one of the West's most authoritative periodicals on Kremlin happenings. Well, now we know. Mr. Brezhnev will not resign in December. He kept us in the dark right to the end. "Resilient Brezhnev Holds Fast to Power" read the front-page headline in the November 8 *Washington Post*. Two days later General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, President of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, Marshal of the Soviet Union, Leonid I. Brezhnev had assumed room temperature.

For years he had been in failing health. So frail was he in the end that it took his physicians 26-and-a-half hours before they could be sure. Maybe it takes this long to get a death certificate through the Soviet bureaucracy, but one must not rule out the peculiarities of Soviet medicine. It costs billions of rubles to hold off the invading armies menacing Soviet borders. Consequently the level of Soviet medical technology remains comparatively primitive. Possibly the quacks could not lay hands on a stethoscope, and no Soviet physician wants to appear too eager to sign the death certificate of a member of the Politburo.

Not that the Soviet pol is as insanely sensitive about aging as his American counterpart. In Moscow you will see none of those pinched baby-faces and fluffy hairdos that incongruously protrude from the aging bodies of Capitol Hill gentlemen. It is just that since the doctors' plot of Stalin's time physicians on the deathwatch bear a heavy responsibility. Our political systems are different.

I believe that it is safe to say that President Brezhnev died of natural causes, though it is curious that three days before his sudden expiry someone persuaded the old boy to stand for two hours during the traditional Red Square parade celebrating the Bolshevik Revolution. Many of the floats were amazing imitations of military weapons, but he had seen it all before.

Many Americans are now asking, "Is Brezhnev in heaven?" I believe that he is not, though I do not mean to rile our liberal clergy. My judgment is based solely on the man's own published statements. Recall if you will his admonition to President Jimmy Carter at the Vienna summit where, placing his hand on our President's shoulder, he said, "If we do not succeed, God will not forgive us." They failed. Actually, aside from keeping Russia as peaceful as a morgue, Mr. Brezhnev failed at everything, though personally he prospered. Hero of the Soviet Union, Hero of Soviet Labor, Lenin Peace Prize Laureate, Lenin Literary Prize Laureate—he had won it all, missing only a medal at the Moscow Olympics. Yet the USSR is in dreadful condition.

What manner of man was he? Fortunately I have at hand *Leonid Brezhnev: Pages From His Life*, a charming biography prepared by the Academy of Sciences of the USSR and advertised in the *New York Times Book Review* as the Soviet leader's "first fully-rounded portrait . . . a work of extraordinary

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

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importance, scope and depth. It is a book of rare and genuine excitement." (The eminent Kremlinologist, Dr. John Lofton, reviewed this document for us in our September 1978 issue.) Taking the opportunity for a rare boast, Mr. Brezhnev tells us in his special introduction that his is the story of how "only Soviet power enabled me, the son of a worker, to rise to the leadership of a glorious many-millions-strong party of history's first socialist state."

Beginning as one of the top four engineering graduates at the Arsenichev Metallurgical Institute he went to the Dzerzhinsky steel mill to become "a good fitter and an even better gas purification machine operator." He was a "good mixer and sought the company of people his own age, especially those who were bold, energetic, and eager and considered the building of a new world something close to their hearts." Naturally he rose rapidly in the Communist hierarchy during Stalin's 1930s and 1940s purges. He exuberantly carried out Stalin's policies in the Ukraine where between 1945 and 1950 some 500,000 of the republic's estimated 3,000,000 were executed, sent to the Gulag, or exiled. In 1950 he was appointed first secretary of the Moldavian party where things were tough and he "draconian."

This last estimate comes from *Brezhnev: The Masks of Power,* by former *Newsweek* reporter John Dornberg. According to Dornberg, "Culturally, intellectually, and in terms of human freedom, the USSR has regressed under Brezhnev's rule. . . . The Soviet Union he will leave behind will be an infinitely sadder country than the one he found upon becoming ruler." But now Mr. Yuri V. Andropov has replaced him. He will cheer things up. This recent head of the KGB is, some Westerners tell us, a liberal. You know how many liberals head totalitarian intelligence agencies. Moreover while at the KGB he opened more psychiatric hospitals than any of his predecessors, including Lavrenti Beria. □

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> One consequence of this culture is that a vast segment of the population is forced to work hard to support a class of parasites, many of whom—thanks to economic priorities gone berserk—have turned their lives into a grotesque *Grand Guignol* of drugs and kinky crime and who provide their own troubadours with an obscure wealth. It is a culture in which a nurse earns less per year than a cretinous, unwashed rock singer spends on dope per day. For this culture we have nothing but the deepest contempt, and we want to make it known. In the 1930's a German antifascist by the name of Kurt Tucholsky, before he was tortured by the nazis in Dachau, addressed himself to his nation in one of his last warnings: "All I wish is for you to remember, I was against!" So are we, when we face the travesty of humanness and the humiliation of reason in America.

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BISHOPS AT THE BARRICADES

In the 1970s, as hundreds of thousands of pious Roman Catholics were deciding to spend Sunday morning snoring rather than praying, University of California sociologist Robert Bellah observed, "The Catholic church finally decided to recognize the values of the modern world just when American young people were beginning to find it valueless." The Pope's cisatlantic agents have always been somewhat quaint.

Last month, at the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, the assembled potentates labored mightily to overturn this old perception: they grasped at nuclear freeze politique in all its stupefying perturbations; they embraced the foreign policy nostrums of the progressive intelligentsia, Godless though its members may be; they incorporated all this into a pastoral letter, which will be read, I am advised, during Sunday services, possibly this spring. Thus the revision of the Catholic liturgy moves from the stately Latin of times past to the bibble babble of the moment.

By the time the sonorous proceedings had shut down, the bishops had confirmed the belief that they are indeed oblivious to the modern world, though not to its whiny political tactics. When William P. Clark, the President's national security adviser, addressed a letter to them admonishing that their new ideas were not all that enlightened, they let out a horrible squawk. White House intimidation! Treachery! Had

(*continued on page 41*)

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•November passes, and the Christmas season approaches. It is the time to give, and—far more important—the time to receive. Some will scoff at this as excessive materialism, but let not the goody-goody Liberals be among the scoffers. In theory and in practice they are the historic extollers of receiving. It is they who exalt the recipient while depreciating the giver. It is they who have made receiving a right to be insisted upon and revered. To the recipient they compose poetry and song, growing ever more rhapsodic in proportion to the amount he takes in, while his benefactor is increasingly suspect and harassed by dozens of vulpine government agencies, including the IRS. This Yuletide heave aside all the cant about the joy of giving. Follow the Liberals' counsel. Approach friends and family alike with hands outstretched and palms up. Intone the anthem and refrain, "More! More!"

•*Ms.* magazine has again published its catalogue of ideologically acceptable gifts. Among the requirements are of course "top quality," but vigilance must be shown toward proper packaging—"does the box show boys and girls of different races equally at play? and does it give an accurate presentation of the product inside? Disappointingly . . . I saw mainly blond, blue-eyed boys engaged in active play." Nonetheless *Ms.*'s Red Guards did find some tolerable children's toys, for instance: a Four Alarm Fire Engine, "Hurray for a riding toy decorated with pictures of both boy and girl firefighters (though the boy is driving and the faces are all Caucasion)," and an Anatomically Correct Male Doll, "Movable joints, pliable body, drinks and wets. . . . Let's hope that Sebino, the Italian manufacturer that already markets black and Oriental dolls, will continue to expand in those directions." Moreover, *à propos* the war against stereotypes, there are palmy portents: "Tired of toy stores that separate girls from boys?" *Ms.* sings. "Some people in Boulder, Colorado decided to change all that. The result: Play Fair, a nonsexist, multicultural collection of kids' toys. . . . Set in its own small house it's a feminist fairy tale come true." And while on the subject of feminist fairy tales come true, *Ms.* has found the perfect gift for all its *engagé* readers: "Know someone with headaches? Send them [sic] the Anti-Headache Bio-Feedback System. Its audible biofeedback signals help cure headaches by teaching one how to relax tense face and neck muscles." The cost is a paltry $159.50.

•On November 10, Mr. Geoffrey Prime, a British linguistics expert, pleaded guilty to passing secrets to Soviet agents. Papa Brezhnev went off to bring Marxism to the worms. And San Franciscans continued to chuckle and slap their thighs over the fact that in the November elections they almost raised to their absurd Board of Supervisors Sister Boom Boom, a.k.a. Mr. Jack Fertig, a red-haired professional astrologer and part-time sports-center attendant at the San Francisco Jewish Community Center. Listing his profession as "nun of the above," Sister Boom Boom attended all candidates' events attired in a miniskirted nun's habit and came in ninth in a field of 24—less than ten percentage points short of winning one of the five contested seats. What is more, in a post-election interview Sister Boom Boom manifested a modern political instinct that could make him a national performer. "Going in drag has taught me a lot about the oppression of women," he admonished. "If every legislator had to wear heels, a corset, fake eye lashes and a zipper up the back, we'd have the Equal Rights Amendment passed in a week." Watch for Sister Boom Boom to be on the podium at the 1984 Democratic Convention!

•No sooner were the early November elections over than pols began to choke on their dinner—make of it what you will. Secretary of State George Schultz was rushed to a hospital choking on his lunch, and an undownable piece of lobster almost killed Rep. Richard Bolling. The mystery even crossed the Atlantic where the Queen Mother was rushed to a London hospital with a fish bone lodged in her throat. In Miami authorities have located the missing body of the late Mrs. Emilie Spaeth. Apparently it had been interred with that of another woman after being left in the Dade County medical examiner's office where funeral home workers, arranging the burial of a woman who wanted to be interred with her pets, had picked up the wrong bag.

•In Santa Clara County, California, Mr. Robert Weigle, the new chief probation officer, alarmed civil libertarians and offended naturalists by suggesting that criminals could be allowed to live outside prison if they would agree to have homing devices attached to their wrists or implanted in their brains so that police might monitor their movements. According to Officer Weigle, the plan would be "similar to air traffic control." Mr. Weigle is a former television anchorman. The Iowa Council on Social Services has decreed that inmates in the state's hoosegows may read hardcore porn so long as it is not too expensive or difficult and does not include texts dealing with bestiality, sadomasochism, child nudity, or child sexual activity. A West German television audience watching a talk show whose topic was "The New Nudity" was rendered aghast and probably ill when a porcine 61-year-old mother of seven rose up before the camera and stripped while shouting, "It's my cosmic love energy!"

•Female fickleness has landed four Minneapolis doctors in court. The quacks are being sued by Christine Lynne Oliver for injudiciously performing a sex-change operation on her while she was *non compos mentis*. Christine was originally Mr. James McQuiston, a divorced father of three, and she now insists that he was suffering "short-term delusions" when he presented his manhood to the bodyshop. Miss Susan Liptrot of Miami, Florida is suing a young dandy for $100,000 claiming that in a blatant breach of contract he gave her Herpes Simplex #2 on the libidinous evening of November 22, 1980, the 163rd anniversary of the birth of George Eliot. And in Northampton, England those two Salvation Army sisters who went on an orgy of sex and black magic were given two- and five-year sentences respectively after admitting to lewd conduct with young girls between the ages of 12 and 15.

•In mid-November Mr. Yuri V. Andropov became the Woodrow Wilson of the Soviet Union, American sanctions against companies doing business on the Soviet pipeline levitated, General William C. Westmoreland led an incongruous band of Vietnam Veterans down Pennsylvania Avenue, and Mr. Lech Walesa was returned to his Gdansk home 11 months after Poland's progressives arrested him and broke up Solidarity. In China, Mr. Zhang Shaoxue, president of the recently established Student Ethics Committee of the Chinese People's University, solemnized the death of a medical student, Mr. Zhang Hua. "Zhang Hua," he declared, "has provided an answer to what we've been discussing and thinking about—What is life's purpose and value. What is it that we are seeking?" The young man had expired in a vat of fermenting excrement.

•Finally, at the end of the month the first Ku Klux Klan rally in the Nation's capital since 1925 led to near-riot when a crowd of almost 500 anti-Klan demonstrators began hurling bricks and bottles and stealing bicycles. Police Chief Maurice Turner described the outburst as a "blind and senseless rage," but then he obviously does not appreciate the thrill of riding a brand new bicycle. Reason resumes its sway.

—RET

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John Samuels

AFGHANISTAN: THE BREZHNEV DOCTRINE LIVES!

. . . with the tacit support of the American Coolhead community.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979 marked a turning point in the Cold War: it was the first time since World War II that Russian troops—not simply Russian advisers—entered a country that did not belong to the Warsaw Pact. So argues Gérard Chaliand in *Report from Afghanistan.** Written in 1981, Chaliand's book is less important for the information it provides on the current struggle in Afghanistan than for the author's analysis of the significance of the Soviet invasion, a significance that the West by and large has been loath to realize. On last October 20th the *New York Times Magazine* ran a story about an American journalist's travels among the Afghan freedom fighters at the same time it ran a story about a feminist's despair that women of the postfeminist generation are not nearly so exercised about "the woman's question" as she is. No doubt because the *Times* assumed, probably correctly, that its readership is more interested in the struggle between men and "liberated" women than in the struggle of the Afghans to be liberated from the Soviet Union, it chose the feminist's autobiographical meanderings as the cover story.

This is not to say the war in Afghanistan has not been covered by the American press. From time to time a story crops up in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*—rarely on the front page—about how the Afghan freedom fighters are doing, but events in Afghanistan have not received the press coverage given to the events in Poland. To some degree, this is understandable. Poland is accessible, Afghanistan is not. Not only is it difficult and dangerous for reporters to go to Afghanistan, but once they get there they don't necessarily come up with a good story. For the freedom fighters cannot schedule battles to provide exciting copy for visiting journalists. A protracted struggle waged over an enormous expanse of generally desolate territory, the war in Afghanistan is often a very dull affair that gives reporters little in the way of hard news.

The relative inattention is understandable for other reasons as well. Western journalists cannot travel in the urban areas of Afghanistan because they are held by the Russians, who feel no obligation to let them snoop around and find out how repressive and savage they have been. As Ben Wattenberg has said: "Communist countries can wage long, brutal wars and pay very little for them. . . . After all, if you can't get television cameras into a country to witness the poison gas, the dead civilians, the maimed children—then what can you show on television? No access; no horror." Are the Russians winning—or, more likely, terrorizing—the hearts and minds of the people in Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar? Who knows?

But even if Afghanistan were more accessible, it is doubtful that the Western press would rush to cover the war. The country is simply not of compelling interest to the West. In the United States there are few Afghan-Americans, and it is difficult for Americans and Europeans to take an interest in a people who seem, in their strange clothes and peculiar beliefs, to belong to another world. The West may coo over the freedom fighters' bravery, but does it not think that their courage derives from an allegiance to Islamic fundamentalism? From an allegiance to a way of life that is backward, xenophobic, and intolerant of change? The subhead of the *Times Magazine* article suggests as much, for it speaks not of freedom fighters but of "Moslem guerrillas"—that is, men of the same fanatical spirit as Khomeini's hordes. This view of the freedom fighters is unfair, since many of them reject Islamic fundamentalism. Nevertheless, it is not a total distortion, for one of the major resistance factions is headed by Gulbudin Hekmatyar, an admirer of Khomeini. And, according to Chaliand, Gulbudin "is generally considered the most intelligent, ambitious, and ruthless resistance leader in Peshawar."

Torn between admiration for the extraordinary courage of the freedom fighters and distaste for their Islamic traditionalism, the West has offered them an ounce of sympathy and a pound of indifference, wistfully hoping that Afghanistan will become the Soviet Union's Vietnam. This mixture appeals to many foreign policy experts, who argue that there is little the West can do to influence events in Afghanistan—indeed, that to attempt to do more than give a weak cheer from the

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sidelines might, as an observer wrote in a 1980 issue of *Foreign Policy*, "be the policy least likely to drive the Soviet Union out of Afghanistan." Providing weapons, he argued, might provoke the Soviets to put more time and effort into subduing the Afghans, thereby making a political solution more difficult. Providing weapons might also encourage the Soviet Union to invade Northern Pakistan, which harbors many Afghan refugees and provides a base of support for the freedom fighters.

Many observers also argue that the Soviet Union has a "privileged interest" in Afghanistan because of its fear of being encircled by hostile powers—fear also that the fires of Islamic traditionalism might spread to the Soviet side of the border and Soviet Muslims might begin to entertain dangerous ideas about gaining their freedom. Finally, many argue that it is extremely unrealistic to assume the Soviet Union would allow Afghanistan, which the Communists took over in 1978, to become a non-Communist state. To support their point they cite the Brezhnev doctrine (which presumably will survive its teacher): once a Communist state, always a Communist state. These observers don't quite justify the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan, but they generally accept the Soviet Union's own line that the invasion is a marginal issue of little concern to the West. The situation is unfortunate, they argue, but to aid the freedom fighters is only to prolong their agony.

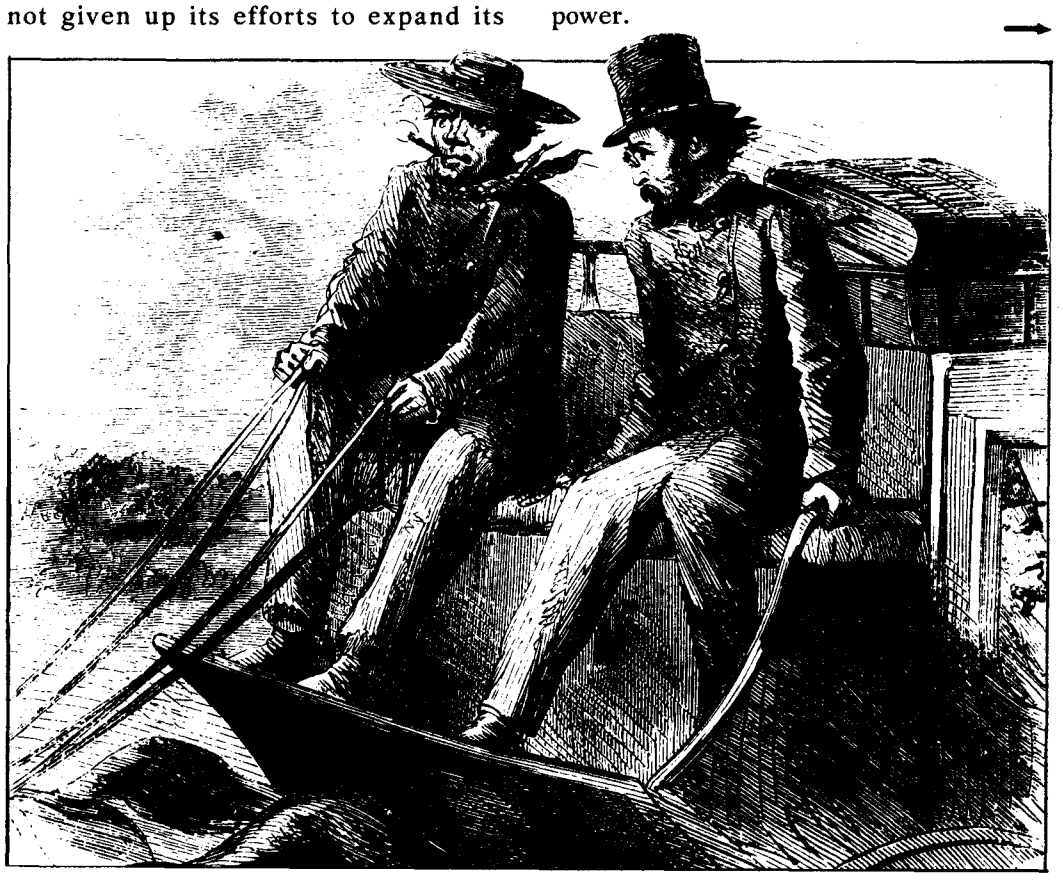
The debate about Afghanistan, of course, cannot be separated from the larger debate about the West's relations with the Soviet Union. It should be clear that none of the participants in this debate regards the Soviet Union as a decent and progressive country. In other words the debate is not between anti-Communists and pro-Communists but between anti-Communists and anti-anti-Communists. The anti-anti-Communists, who include opponents of aid to the Afghan freedom fighters, accuse anti-Communists of pursuing a foreign policy that is moralistic, not realistic. These anti-anti-Communists, we might say, consider themselves Coolheads whose approach to the Soviet Union offers the best chance of preventing world war and making the Soviet Union less adventurous in its foreign policy. The most famous Coolheads are George Ball, Cyrus Vance, and George Kennan. At the recent dedication of the W. Averell Harriman Institute for Advanced Study of the Soviet Union at Columbia University, Vance warned that "to embrace a policy of continuing confrontation . . . is to confuse firmness with bellicosity, which can only heighten tension, increase the risk of war and strengthen the repressive tendencies within the Soviet Union at a time of transition in Soviet leadership."

The Coolheads' main concern is to reassure the Soviet leaders that the West's intentions are benign. It is essential, Vance said, "that we leave no room for doubt in the minds of the present and future leaders of the Soviet Union, that the option of moving toward a less dangerous and more constructive future relationship is open." The key word in the intellectual baggage of the Coolheads is reassurance. Since the Soviet leaders are obsessed with national security, the West must persuade them that it has no interest in undermining the Soviet empire. If the West succeeds in persuading them, the Coolheads argue, then the "doves" in the Kremlin will prevail and détente will flourish once more.

The key word in the intellectual baggage of the anti-Communists, who include not only Chaliand but also such people as Raymond Aron, Jean-François Revel, Theodore Draper, and Walter Laqueur, is reciprocity, not reassurance. The Soviet Union must be held accountable for its adventurous foreign policy. As Walter Laqueur and Charles Krauthammer have said, "The response to pressure has to be counterpressure, the response to positive moves and initiatives has to be made in a similar spirit." These writers are utterly impatient with the notion that Soviet foreign policy can be explained by Soviet paranoia. According to Aron, "The idea that Moscow wants nothing more than security convinces no one but blind men and fools." And, of course, they refuse to accept the sanctity of the Brezhnev doctrine. "There is no more reason to acknowledge irreversibility in Afghanistan or Poland than there is in Cuba or El Salvador," noted Draper.

The anti-Communists accuse the Coolheads of wishful thinking in assuming words of reassurance will cause the Soviet Union to become more dove-ish. The Soviet Union, Chaliand reminds us, "has not given up its efforts to expand its empire." It is expansionist not because of its paranoia, but because the logic of its system dictates continual expansion. Not only does the ideology of Marxism-Leninism call for it, but the success of the Soviet Union as an expansionist power proves the worth of the ideology. That is, the legitimacy of the Communist Party—the ruling class—is based upon Marxism-Leninism. If Marxism-Leninism were to fail in the world arena as it so obviously has in the domestic arena, then it would be difficult for the Soviet ruling class to justify its privileged position. As it is, the Soviet leadership can admit to domestic shortages yet point with pride to the fact that the Soviet Union has become a great world power, one that is feared by all countries, including the United States. And who is to say that the average Soviet worker, while grumbling about the poor food and poor housing, does not find solace in his country's military and geopolitical achievements? The anti-Communists thus argue that the Soviet Union will continue to expand until its leaders decide that the cost of further expansion is too great. It is not reassurance but reciprocity that will make the doves prevail in the Kremlin.

The anti-Communists also argue that a policy of reassurance can only increase the danger of war. By sending misleading signals to the Soviet Union that the West will always remain passive in the face of Soviet expansionism, the policy of reassurance increases the possibility of Soviet miscalculation. Thus the anti-Communists are engaged not so much in a quest to extirpate the evil of Communism as to convince Western leaders that Soviet expansionism will be curtailed only when the West builds up sufficient conventional forces. Reciprocity obviously cannot work unless the West is a credible military power. →



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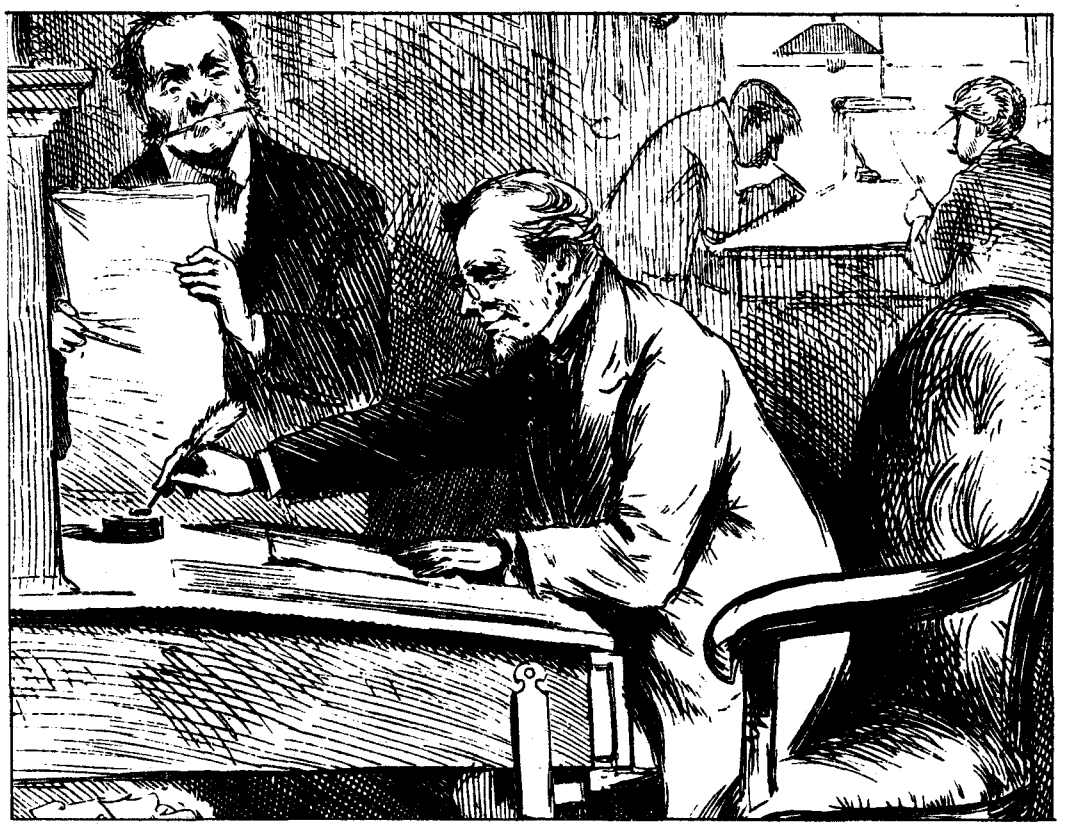
History, T.S. Eliot says in "Gerontion," is a "cunning corridor," and there is no reason to assume the anti-Communist approach is any more realistic than the Coolhead one. But let us look at the evidence. The Soviet Union has always been an expansionist power, adding since World War II alone not only most of Eastern Europe to its empire but also creating client states in Cuba, Ethiopia, Angola, South Yemen, and Vietnam. In a recent issue of the *New York Review of Books,* a former Vietcong official who has come to hate the regime in Hanoi writes: "Vietnam is now practically an instrument of Soviet expansionism in Southeast Asia. There are at least 10,000 Soviet advisers in Vietnam today. Since joining Comecon in June 1978, Vietnam has steadily become an integral part of the Soviet system. . . ." He also argues that because of "the support and military power of the Soviet Union, Hanoi has the will and also the means of exporting the revolution beyond the borders of Indochina when conditions permit." In the 1970s the United States and the West in general pursued a policy of reassurance—promoting détente, cutting military budgets, signing the Helsinki Accords. The Soviet Union reciprocated by pursuing an expansionist foreign policy and engaging in a tremendous military buildup.

Can we not conclude, then, that the West's policy of reassurance encouraged Soviet adventurousness? Yet there is a weak link in this argument. If the Soviet Union wanted to keep the West on its path of reassurance, why did it invade Afghanistan? An indirect result of the invasion has been the election of several Western governments driven more by anti-Communism than by anti-anti-Communism. Quite clearly the Soviet leaders decided that more would be gained from the invasion than lost. The invasion would show the world that they were a credible ally, that they would not back out of their commitments. No matter that not only the Afghan people but also the Communist leader of Afghanistan at that time—Hafizullah Amin—did not want Soviet troops on Afghan soil. No matter that Amin, who as head of the government supposedly invited the Russian troops to Afghanistan in order to repel foreign aggression, was promptly executed. The transparent falsity of their justifications was only a minor embarrassment to Soviet leaders, who know the world understands actions better than words. By invading Afghanistan they were telling the world, especially the Third World, that they were not going to let a country slide out of their hands once they had it in their grip.

In short, the Soviets invaded Afghanistan less out of paranoia about national security than to impress their own people that Marxism-Leninism still works and to intimidate the rest of the world. Moreover, by invading Afghanistan the Soviet Union positioned itself to gain access to the Persian Gulf, either by turning Iran into a client state or, more likely, by creating a new state out of Baluchistan, which straddles Iran, Afghanistan, and Pakistan.† The Baluchis, who consider themselves to be an oppressed minority in Iran and—especially—in Pakistan, may well be receptive to Soviet blandishments. Perhaps the Soviets have made so little international noise over the situation in Lebanon because they realize they have more to gain by letting the West be the influential power in that area of the world while they strive to become the influential power in Southwest Asia.

†The *New York Times* recently reported that the Soviet Union has nearly completed six airfields in southern Afghanistan that will put the Persian Gulf within range of Soviet jet fighters.



The Reagan Administration came into office preaching anti-Communist toughness, but it is not clear the Administration has practiced what it has preached. For one thing, most observers—including Chaliand—say that the only country providing the Afghan fighters with weapons is Egypt. One hopes the Reagan Administration is doing more than the Carter Administration in this area, and it may not be advertising its aid for fear of destabilizing the current regime in Pakistan.

But what has made a shambles out of the Administration's policy of reciprocity has been its decision to lift the grain embargo. According to a specialist in East-West trade, the grain deal enables the Soviets to concentrate on the production of oil and gas, which they can sell to the capitalist world, and eliminate costly expenditures to increase agricultural production. He estimates that by spending $7 billion to import 46 million tons of grain in 1982, the Soviet Union saved roughly $32 billion, "and they are escaping the need to make dramatic domestic reforms as well." Even if his analysis is inaccurate, the lifting of the grain embargo has sown a good deal of discord in U.S. relations with Western Europe, whose leaders wonder why they should not sell the Soviet Union a pipeline when the United States is selling them desperately needed grain. To quote George Will, "Reagan's policy is détente without intellect, détente shorn of a strategy for exploiting Soviet vulnerabilities."

The response of the West to the invasion of Afghanistan is a sad story, but it is not an unexpected one. For the past forty years the anti-anti-Communists have prevailed in foreign policy circles—anti-Communism discredited perhaps because it was regarded as the product of a Nixon, a McCarthy, or a Goldwater. As a result, the West has continually found reasons for not acting when the Soviet Union embarks upon another adventure. But there is something particularly disturbing about the West's disinclination to help the Afghans, "who alone among peoples overrun by the Russians," Chaliand says, "have refused to acknowledge this foreign occupation and continue to fight against all odds." The saddest story of the past four years thus is not the West's weakness and confusion but the story of Afghanistan itself. When the first Communist regime of Nur el Taraki took over in April 1978, the Afghan people were subjected to a brutally repressive attempt to change their culture overnight. According to Chaliand, the Khalqi faction of Communists was "in its intellectual poverty, political naiveté, and repressive brutality" not unlike the Khmer Rouge. Since the invasion, the Afghans have seen the Russians raze their villages and poison their wells. Still, the Coolheads refuse to address the question of how to trust a country that has no compunction in violating—both in Afghanistan and Laos—

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the Geneva Protocol banning chemical and biological warfare.

The tragedy of Afghanistan raises a larger question: does the West have the staying power to practice a policy of reciprocity? Reciprocity requires sacrifices—indeed civic courage—but the politicians who rule over the advanced capitalist nations generally flinch from talking about sacrifices and courage. Skeptical of the West's stamina, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn argued in his address at Harvard in 1978 that "a decline in courage may be the most striking feature that an outside observer notices in the West today." Many Americans took offense at Solzhenitsyn's criticism of the West's materialism, arguing that he is a reactionary who makes too much of spirituality. Solzhenitsyn, however, was preoccupied with a problem at least as old as Adam Smith: the effect of commercial expansion on the citizens of a nation. In *The Wealth of Nations* Smith argues that only the citizens of an agricultural nation, i.e., a nation like Afghanistan, possess civic courage. In those nations where commerce thrives, Smith says, "the natural habits of the people render them altogether incapable of defending themselves." In the debate about the effects of commercial expansion, a debate at the center of eighteenth-century thought, Smith was somewhere in the middle—somewhere between Hume, who thought that the expansion of commerce would not make a citizenry "less undaunted and vigorous in defense of their country or their liberty," and Rousseau, who thought that in such societies "true courage fades, [and] the military virtues vanish. . . ."

The unseemly haste with which the West has always renewed its desire to do business with the Soviet Union makes one wonder whether Hume wasn't a bit too optimistic about the ability of predominantly commercial societies to protect themselves. But perhaps Solzhenitsyn's assessment of the West was excessively gloomy, since the West has changed somewhat despite the eagerness of bankers and big businessmen to trade with the Soviet Union—changed in large part, it should be said, because of Solzhenitsyn's own revelations about the Soviet Union. Twenty-five years ago Albert Camus scandalized French intellectual circles when he dared to question the idea that the Soviet Union was a progressive regime—on the side of history, as Sartre might have said. Chaliand, however, does not risk becoming a pariah when he says in his book that "the Soviet regime is without doubt the bloodiest and most deceptive caricature in modern history, a cruel parody of the ideas that supposedly inspire it."

The West of course cannot simply rest on its knowledge that the Soviet Union is a cruel parody. Yet the Coolheads, despite their conviction that they alone are calm and level-headed, have indulged in such heated rhetoric that it has become difficult to engage in any serious debate about the West's relations with the Soviet Union. George Ball, for example, has called those who disagree with him Manicheans "who espouse the doctrinal concept that Soviet communism is the Antichrist—an evil element that must be extirpated if we are to have peace in the world"; George Kennan has inveighed against "anti-Soviet hysteria" and accused anti-Communists of foolishly assuming that the Soviet Union intends to attack Western Europe.

Engaged in an attempt to isolate the Reagan Administration and convince Western Europe that the United States is an unreliable ally, the Soviet Union has rushed to appropriate the language of the Coolheads. In what proved to be his farewell address to America, Leonid Brezhnev attacked the "primitive anti-Communism" espoused by the imperialist "hot heads" in Washington and dwelled on the Soviet Union's desire for détente

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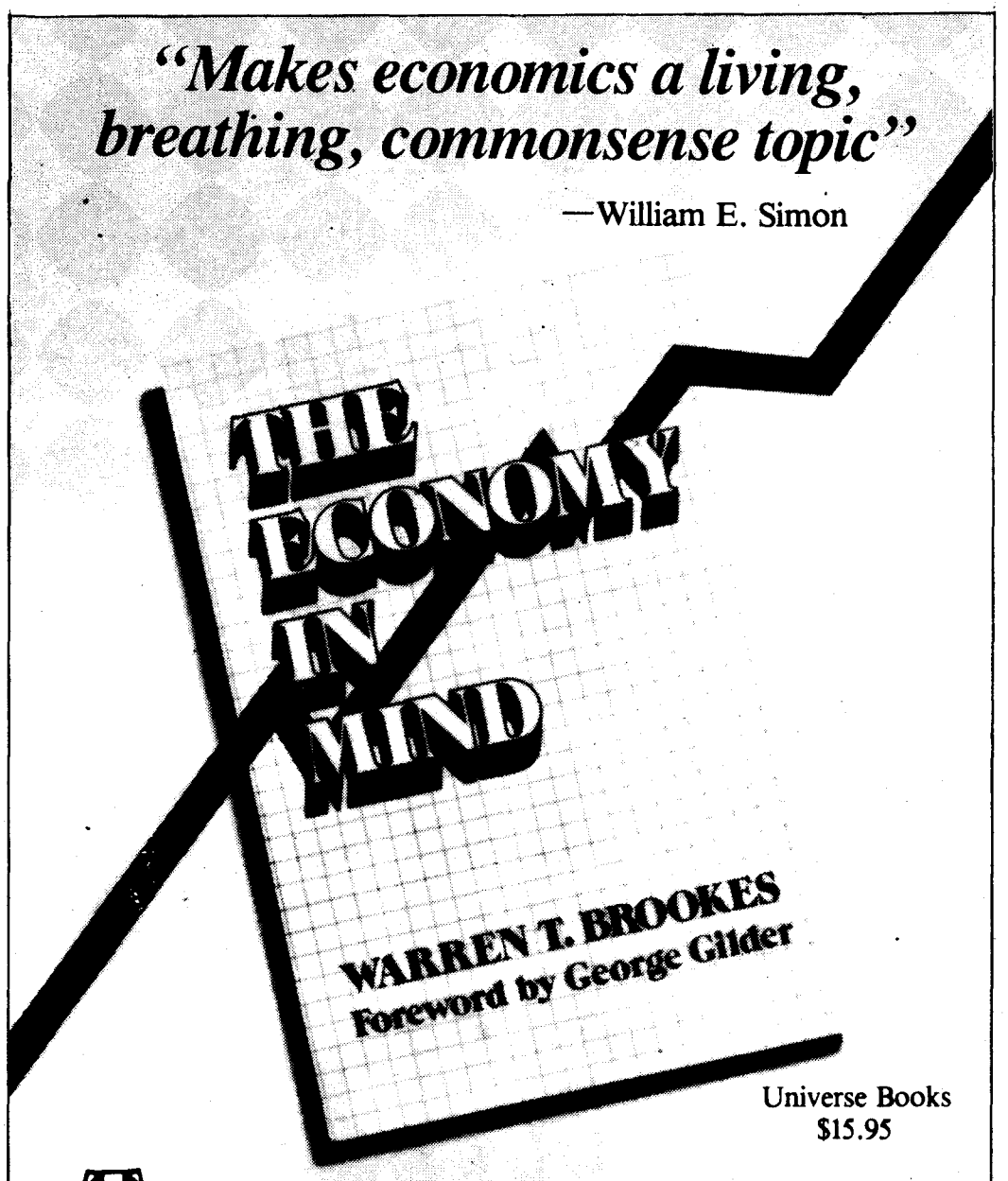

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and disarmament. "The essence of our policy," he said, "is peaceableness. . . ." The Coolheads do not think the Soviet Union is a benign power, but they do agree with Brezhnev that the major share of blame for the erosion of détente belongs to Ronald Reagan. In a review of Kennan's latest book, Martin Sherwin (a revisionist historian) summed up the views of the Coolheads. The Reagan Administration, Sherwin said, has resurrected and promoted "the vision of Soviet aggression and duplicity set in place during the early years of the cold war . . . to orchestrate a new cold war that facilitates an ongoing military buildup."

In the last decade or so, the Soviet Union has engaged in an extraordinary military buildup (especially in its sea power), invaded Afghanistan, sent its Cuban legionnaires to several African countries, forced the Poles to squelch their own revolution, and crushed those Soviet citizens who dared to take the Helsinki Accords seriously. Yet the new leadership in the Kremlin indicated recently that it expects some concrete American moves to ease tensions before taking up Reagan's offer to seek a "more constructive relationship." Because the Reagan Administration has not been careful in its exposition of its foreign policy, making too many casual statements about nuclear war, it will be under strong pressure from the Coolheads to respond to the Soviet suggestion. But the Administration should not make any offer without also saying that unless the Soviet Union itself makes an offer, it may do a number of things, including supplying the Afghan freedom fighters with more sophisticated weapons and reinstating the grain embargo. For the United States and her allies should realize that a policy of reassurance, not reciprocation, will result at the very least in the slow transformation of Western Europe into a vassal state that provides its Big Brother to the East with cheap loans, advanced technology, and food. □

Mitchell S. Ross

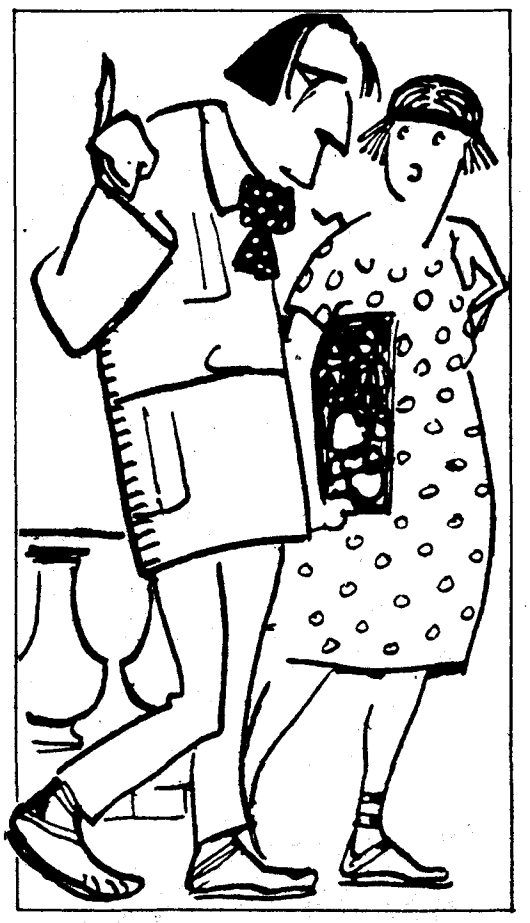
THE KINDLY MR. UPDIKE

Appearances notwithstanding, John Updike may now be the foremost chronicler of Middle American mores.

The *New Yorker* has never been my favorite magazine. To be sure, the magazine is graceful in much the same way that well-bred old ladies are graceful, and certainly some first-rate writing does manage to get published in the thing from time to time. But for the most part the *New Yorker* is just *there*, as elegant and as stale as an uneaten croissant a week after it has been baked.

That may be one reason why I for so long shied away from John Updike, who has been closely associated with the *New Yorker* ever since his graduation from Harvard University in the early fifties. His spiritual affiliation dates back even further. "When I was thirteen," Updike once wrote, "a magazine came into the house, the *New Yorker* by name, and I loved that magazine so much I concentrated all my wishing into an effort to make myself small and inky and intense enough to be received into its pages." In due course, this happened; and Updike's short stories and book reviews became as familiar a feature of the magazine as John O'Hara's stories had been in an earlier era.

Snobbery also fed my aversion—not so much because the *New Yorker* is the favorite magazine of various Ivy League types who feel themselves civilized and superior for receiving it every week, but because of an unpleasant personal memory. When I was sixteen, in 1970, I first toured Europe, as one of a group of similarly aged bicyclists who hailed from various parts of the United States. There were two girls from Kansas whose passion it was to enter the museums of Europe and proceed directly to the gift shops, where they would spend hours pawing through poster-sized reproductions of the great works of art which actually hung inside the museums. "I just *love* those reproductions," said one of the girls on one occasion. Another time her pal, asked what she liked to read, responded, "I like Updike." This was enough to keep me away from the man for several years thereafter.



One day in the mid-seventies, while browsing among used books, I came upon *Couples*, Updike's novel chronicling adultery in Tarbox, a fictitious New England town. For fifty cents it seemed worth a shot. So I bought it, and read it, and failed to enjoy it. The prose and the sex were equally fluent: characters drifting from one bed into another, seeking theological gratification of their fleshly desires. I had recently removed myself from a college scene where much the same sort of thing occurred in less perfumed circumstances. It was all very earnest and at the same time curiously cold—in the case of Updike's novel, a sort of naturalism kissed by Kierkegaard. I turned away from Updike again, with no plans to return.

Then in late 1981 *Rabbit Is Rich** was published. My willing spirit once again permitted itself to be wooed. Like Updike's first two chronicles of the misadventures of Harry (Rabbit) Angstrom, *Rabbit, Run* and *Rabbit Redux*, the book was set in Updike's native Pennsylvania, far removed from the high-toned precincts of Updike's other novels and of his precious *New Yorker* stories. Also encouraging was the epigraphic bow to Sinclair Lewis's fondly remembered *Babbitt* which preceded the text of *Rabbit Is Rich*.

Before leaping into the life of Brewer,

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Pa., however, I first examined the rest of Updike's world. Here is a body of work which ought deeply to impress schoolteachers in search of assignments. Take Updike's first book, *The Poorhouse Fair*, published in 1959, when Updike was twenty-six. The narrative concerns itself with the doings of various Pennsylvanians on limited budgets, and of the worthies who look after them. The writing is very fine and adjectival: "In the cool wash of early sun the individual strands of osier compounding the chairs stood out sharply; arched like separate serpents springing up and turning again into the knit of the wickerwork." I must confess that this is the sort of stuff that kept me from developing a serious interest in literature until I discovered in my mid-teens that not all writers wrote in this way. "Pain ebbed from the muscles of his eyeballs as they lengthened to suit the horizon, and he felt positive pleasure. Despite the low orange sun, still wet from its dawning, crescents of mist like the webs of tent caterpillars adhered in the crotches of the hills." Very poetic; very dull.

The Poorhouse Fair was followed by *Rabbit, Run*, which I saved to read in combination with *Rabbit Redux* and *Rabbit Is Rich*. In *The Centaur*, Updike wedded pretense to preciosity in order to create an unreadable novel which won the National Book Award. Any work of fiction that concludes with a mythological index cannot be all good. There is such an index here, as well as more poetic prose, and a narrative in which the names of various personnel around a Pennsylvania high school are interchanged with the names of mythological Greeks. Many cowed critics have called *The Centaur* Updike's best novel.

Of the Farm followed in 1965. It is a brief book in which the activity concerns the disposition of a family farm and the efforts of family members to discover their true feelings about one another. "When a book like this comes along," declared the now forgotten reviewer for the *New York Times* whose words are quoted on the paperback edition I am holding in my hands, "a critic must, before attempting anything else, raise his voice in a halloo of praise." Hold your halloo, brave *Times*-man! I myself am inclined to release a Bronx cheer when I read such sentences as, "My mother within the mythology she had made of her life was like a mathematician who, having decreed certain severely limited assumptions, performs feats of warping and circumvention and paradoxical linkage that an outside observer, unrestricted to the plane of their logic, would find irksomely arbitrary."

Couples was next; then, in 1970, *Bech: A Book*, which represented a quantum leap forward. In humor and trenchancy it surpasses Updike's earlier novels. It is a mocking but affectionate portrait of a middle-aged Jewish writer written by a WASP who was raised in small-town Pennsylvania and settled in New England: a brave and liberating exercise, given the composition of the New York critical establishment. Bech, we learn, "was a Jew. Though he could be irritable and even vengeful, obstinate savagery was excluded from his budget of emotions." His interest in "the young" who grew with the grass of that era is natural; his skepticism of their righteousness, healthy. And yet even here Updike is unable to avert from his old practice of piling on words. "Who was he? A Jew, a modern man, a writer, a bachelor, a loner, a loss. A con artist in the days of academic modernism undergoing a Victorian shudder. A white monkey hung far out on a spindly heaventree of stars. A fleck of dust condemned to know it is a fleck of dust. A mouse in a furnace. A smothered scream." Yes, yes, but a good portraitist ought better to convey the tone of his subject's flesh, and to permit us to see what manner and color of clothes his subject wears. Too much of Updike's description is beside the point.

The same excesses mar Updike's critical writing, which is nevertheless accomplished at a higher level than that of other journalistic reviewers or college professors. He writes of Nabokov, "If *Transparent Things* is a splintered hand-mirror, and *Ada* cotton-candy spun to the size of sunset cumulus, *Look at the Harlequins!* is a brown briefcase, as full of compartments as a magician's sleeve and lovingly thumbed to a scuff-colored limpness." As word-play this is great fun; as criticism it is worthless, leading inevitably to such excrescences as the famous encomium with which Updike greeted Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying:* "Erica Jong's first novel feels like a winner. It has class and sass, brightness and bite. Containing all the cracked eggs of the feminist litany, her soufflé rises with a poet's afflatus." In that case, let us eat roast beef.

In an address on the subject, "Why Write?" delivered in Adelaide, Australia in 1974, Updike declared, "To become less and transmit more, to replenish energy with wisdom—some such hope, at this more than midpoint of my life, is the reason why I write." Such wisdom as he had already stored continued to concentrate on the theme of adultery and its attendant guilt. In the second of the Rabbit books, *Rabbit Redux* (1971), the estrangement of Harry and Janice Angstrom opens the action. In two subsequent novels, *Marry Me* and *A Month of Sundays*, the theme is again central. *Marry Me* is but an anecdote that got out of hand, as did the sexual adventures depicted therein, as we learn from the following colloquy:

"If you're pregnant, I'll come back and be your husband and Sally and I will forget each other."

"That's not the way it should be decided."

"I know, but please accept it. I've been waiting for an act of God and this is it. Absolutely, put abortion out of your mind."

"That's very good and generous of you, Jerry, but I intend to have an abortion in any case. Even if you get over this woman, we're in no condition to make another child welcome."

"Well, we can argue later. I just wanted to say that. Good night. Sleep tight. You're very brave. You're a beautiful Unitarian."

The theological note is once again sounded in *A Month of Sundays*, the

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confessions of a libidinous minister with a taste for pun and fun. Reverend Tom Marshfield informs us at one point, "Sex can be fun. Still, what a relief to have *intelligere* become *esse*. Land ho! She appeared to me during those afternoons of copulation as a promontory on some hitherto sunken continent of light."

After *A Month of Sundays*, so utterly uninteresting except for its occasional verbal horseplay, it is a relief to turn to the collection of short stories which Updike published in 1979 under the title *Too Far to Go*. Subtitled "The Maples Stories," these brief reports on a marriage patterned after Updike's own (both the Maples and the Updikes divorced in 1976) are both more earnest in tone and more penetrating than all of Updike's other treatments of matrimonial life in New England. The first of these stories was published in 1956, the most recent in 1979, and yet the book forms a coherent whole.

After a Roman sojourn ("Twin Beds in Rome"), Richard Maple reflects that his wife "was happy, and, jealous of her happiness, he again grew reluctant to leave her." "Waiting Up" for his wife one night when she is late returning from a mission of sexual diplomacy, Richard reflects, "Anger had never been easy for him; even as a child he had seen there was nobody to be angry at, only tired people anxious to please, good hearts asleep and awake, wrapped in the limits of a universe that itself, from the beauty of its details and its contagious air of freedom, seemed to have been well-intentioned. He tried, instead, to pass the time, to cry—but produced only the ridiculous dry snarling tears of a man alone." This is good domestic art: sophistication treated with simplicity.

"Divorce is a great guilty-making thing, of course, especially when it's your idea," Updike said some months ago in *Saturday Review*. "The only consolation on this moral level is that it is your idea and that you are, in a sense, carrying out something —you are acting, and there is a way in which it is better to act and take the blame than to act hopeless and complain. I think that one way or the other, we make those around us pay, and maybe in my case as in many others, divorce for all of the immediate sorrows around it is kinder than not."

In 1977 Updike remarried. The new Mrs. Updike came equipped with a Boston background and had furthermore been friendly with John and the first Mrs. Updike when they all lived in Ipswich. The newlyweds packed Mrs. Updike II's three rascals (from her previous marriage) into the family car and settled in Georgetown, another high-toned town near Boston, where Updike went back to his typewriter.

In 1978 he published *The Coup*, a somewhat satirical (and weaker for being somewhat) treatment of an imaginary African nation, Kush, in which "the average life expectancy is thirty-seven years, the per capita gross national product is $79, the literacy rate 6%. The official currency is the *lu*. The flag is a plain green field. The form of government is a constitutional monarchy with the constitution suspended and the monarch deposed." The ruler of Kush, Colonel Ellelou, has been educated in America and is therefore understandably anti-American. He is enraged one day when he discovers that the Ghanaian chocolate he normally drinks has been replaced by Ovaltine. His wife (number three), Settina, daughter of a tribal chief but also American-educated (at "a small all-black college in the state of Alabama, and indeed had set several sprint records there"), consoles him. "Don't worry about it, Felix. Face it, Africa is crazy about trading. Where else can you buy in the marketplace honest-to-God fingernail clippings? I mean, it's wild." This sort of semi-American dialogue runs throughout the novel, which although adroit in many ways is not altogether convincing. *The Coup* is reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief* in its general approach and attitude, but Updike lacks the sublime contempt that made Waugh such a swell writer and impossible human being—one senses that for Updike, as for Richard Maple, "anger had never been easy." And yet *The Coup* would be a better book if it were angrier. Updike's remarriage had obviously relaxed him, and I wonder if it did not dilute *The Coup*'s potential strength. A mood of domestic tranquillity is not necessarily best for a writer aspiring to accuracy in his depiction of foreign affairs. Wisely, he refocused his attention on life back home, setting to work on *Rabbit Is Rich.*

When he had published *Rabbit, Run* in 1960, Updike was judged by perceptive readers to have struck an authentic note. We first view Harry Angstrom as a man in his middle twenties, a former high school basketball star now inspecting a future high school basketball star on the local playground:

> He's a natural. The way he moves sideways without taking any steps, gliding on a blessing: you can tell. The way he waits before he moves. With luck he'll become in time a crack athlete in the high school; Rabbit knows the way. You climb up through the little grades and then get to the top and everybody cheats; with the sweat in your eyebrows you can't see very well and the noise swirls around you and lifts you up, and then you're out, not forgotten at first, just out, and it feels good and cool and free. You're out, and sort of melt, and keep lifting, until you become like to these kids just one more piece of the sky of adults that hangs over them in the town, a piece that for some queer reason has clouded and visited them. They've not forgotten him; worse, they never heard of him.

What a difference between this lovely, evocative passage and the heavy verbiage of *The Poorhouse Fair*, which preceded *Rabbit, Run* in the Updike canon, and *The Centaur* and *Of the Farm*, which followed! Updike in Brewer is Updike at home, observing, sketching, and coloring Middle America. As in the books that would follow, there is the matter of adultery. There is a minister whispering words of Protestant guilt, but there is none of the forced whimsy of *A Month of Sundays*,

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none of the dull dialogue of *Marry Me*, none of the claustrophobic characterizations of *Couples*. *Rabbit, Run* is a story told in language that is alive, even "gliding on a blessing." After various ordeals, uncertain of his destiny, at book's end, Rabbit's "hands lift of their own and he feels the wind on his ears even before, his heels hitting heavily on the pavement at first but with an effortless gathering out of sweet panic growing lighter and quicker and quieter, he runs. Ah: runs. Runs."

We feel sorry for Rabbit but wish him well: he is so clearly one of our own. The high-school basketball star at loose ends in the real world is a thoroughly American character. As the old Puritan ethic fades away, the average Americano appears to regard adulthood as an awful and even illegitimate experience with which he is unprepared and often unwilling to deal, and from which he yearns to escape. Life, to such a fellow, is but a heap of unexpected burdens piled unexpectedly on the head of one who would perpetuate the irresponsibility of youth as long as possible. Rabbit runs on behalf of all those who would escape if only they knew how to manage it. These days, of course, many do. In 1960 it was harder.

Ten years later, in *Rabbit Redux*, our hero, now more Harry than Rabbit, finds himself adrift in the counterculture of the era. As his wife, Janice, carries on an affair with Charlie Stavros, a used-car salesman, Harry beds down a runaway named Jill and receives wisdom from a godlike black called Skeeter. This is unfortunate. Like the black men created by other novelists who live in rural New England and have practically no contact with black people, e.g., John Irving, Skeeter is preposterous, a heroic caricature. So is Jill, a sweet young thing full of the bogus insights of the Woodstock generation. At the time Updike created them they doubtless seemed like terrific and even necessary notions, but they have not worn well, and *Rabbit Redux* suffers as a result.

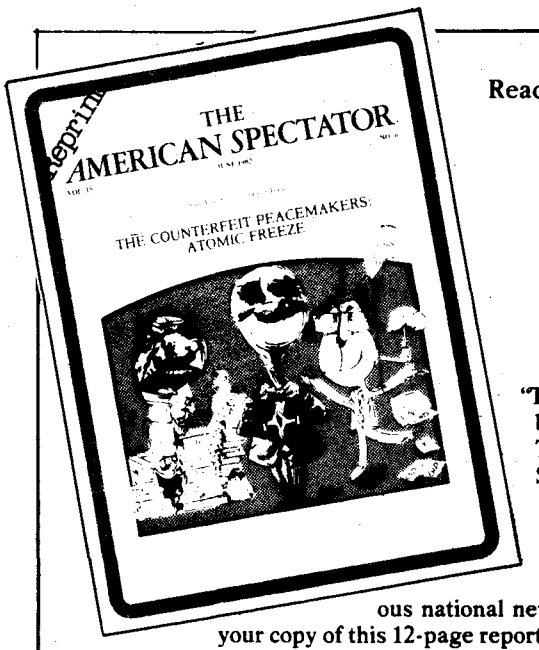
Even so, the strengths of the entire Rabbit series are in evidence here: clean descriptive prose ("The fireman, an old rodent of a man, with tufty eyebrows and long yellow teeth . . . "), sharp observations (Updike depicts the gradual idiotization of the American people through television), and fine characterization of greater Brewer's permanent occupants.

In *Rabbit Is Rich* these superior traits achieve full flower. Harry Angstrom's life has attained solidity at the same time his body has turned to flab. Harry has inherited his father-in-law's Toyota dealership. He is prosperous. He has become a Rotarian and belongs to the Chamber of Commerce. "He likes having money to float in, a big bland good guy is how he sees himself, six three and two ten by now, with a forty-two waist the suit salesman at Kroll's tried to tell him until he sucked his gut in and the man's thumb grudgingly inched the tape tighter."

Rabbit has become Babbitt, an image to cherish. His revolting son, Nelson, returns from Colorado and the rigors of scholarship at Kent State University in order to make a botch of the used-car business and earn his father's enduring disrespect. There is a country club and snobbish friends, sex as fantasy and sexual indulgence. All is noted with a comic touch that rings true, more so than anything else in Updike's body of books, even *Rabbit, Run*, which is, after all, more anxious than it is comic. Scarcely more than a decade had passed since Alfred Knopf expressed his shock that the house which still bore his name (it was by then a subsidiary of Random House, owned by RCA) would publish such a book as *Couples*, but now here is Harry advancing through middle age and into the eighties in all his pot-bellied lust. We are rewarded with one of the most ingenious scenes Updike has ever written, in which Harry makes love to his wife on a bedful of Krugerrands. No more cuckoldry for the aging Rabbit. Charlie Stavros is now his employee and best friend. He returns from a Florida vacation and Harry gives him a hearty welcome home. Harry is feeling fine himself after having enjoyed some sexual adventure while vacationing with his wife and other members of the country club set. "Harry wouldn't have given him such an all-out handshake this way a week ago, but since fucking Thelma up the ass he's felt freer, more in love with the world again." Finally Harry becomes a grandfather. "Fortune's hostage, heart's desire, a granddaughter. His. Another nail in his coffin. His."

In *Rabbit Is Rich* Updike confirms his place as the foremost novelistic chronicler of American mores in our time. Reading this book and *Bech Is Back*,† which is superior to *Bech: A Book* in the same measure that *Rabbit Is Rich* is superior to *Rabbit Redux*, I finally met minds with that gal who had risen from the wheatfields of Kansas to announce, amid reproductions of Rembrandt, that she liked Updike—and in her case, no wonder! The country he chronicles is for the most part stupid, vulgar, and as obsessed with sex as in its Puritanical yesteryear it was repressed by it. This isn't Updike's fault. He is an honest writer, and, in *Rabbit Is Rich*, blessed by a certain detachment—Georgetown, Massachusetts is a suitable redoubt from which to launch artistic assaults on the Brewer, Pennsylvanias of this world—and his second marriage, Updike is, at least in the ongoing Rabbit series, writing books that are alive and enlightening. I look forward to the days of Rabbit's impotence, and in the meantime I wish Mr. and Mrs. Updike many happy nights of love together on a bedful of Krugerrands, or perhaps some more civilized equivalent. □

†Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95.



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POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE: THE CASE OF THE GREEK AYATOLLAH

Our dashing European correspondent files his first political column from the birthplace of selective democracy.

ATHENS—There is strong evidence that an unprecedented encroachment by the Soviet Union is taking place in Greece. Through subtle infiltration of the press, the Soviet machine has succeeded in moving Greece still further away from NATO and the United States. In fact it is widely believed that the Soviet disinformation service has managed to subvert Greek life and just about sever the strings that have always united Greece and the United States. The KGB's apparent infiltration of the press is a major factor in creating the anti-American climate.

By writing the above words as part of an op-ed article that appeared in the *New York Times* in January—1976—I managed to win the Delphic Oracle award that same year. More important, however, was the Cassandra Prize, which I also won. I was sued, judged, and sentenced to 18 months in jail for libeling the Greek press. Now it isn't easy to libel the Greek press. In fact, it is almost impossible. To say that Greek newsmen are on the take is akin to saying that those humanoids who overran the American Embassy in Tehran are hirsute. Fortunately, the sentence was never carried out, though there were Greeks anxious to hand the Cassandra award to me in person in the Athens central jail. I took the opportunity to depart the isles of Greece on my yacht, sans prize. After two years my lawyers managed to have the decision reversed, which can only mean the Greek judiciary accepts the fact that the Greek hacks are on the take.

My suspicions were first aroused after the Colonels' collapse in 1974 and the return of Konstantin Karamanlis as prime minister, and I wrote my piece after confirming my facts with one of his most powerful cabinet ministers, who unfortunately refused to give me documents in his possession that would prove the Soviets were paying off Greek journalists to write virulent anti-American tracts. The ensuing vilification campaign against me was of such intensity that it discouraged others from digging further. When I tried to get the *New York Times* to say something—anything—in my defense, that august paper pulled a Pontius Pilate. It seems I was not the type of person the *Times* likes to defend.

It is poetic if not divine justice, therefore, that the *Times* stringer in Athens today is in the same kind of fix I was six years ago. Well, not exactly: no one is about to sue him, though they are calling him a hell of a lot of names. Here is part of what he wrote on September 19, 1982: "The Soviet Union has infiltrated the Greek media and propagated a disinformation campaign to a deeper extent than in any Western country. . . . methods employed by Russia have included help in setting up of a highly successful Soviet-front daily, *Ethnos* (The Nation), financial inducements to other publications, and direct pressure on conservative newspapers."

The only trouble with this dispatch is that it was published in the *Sunday Telegraph* of London. Mr. Paul Anast, the author, strings for both the *Times* and the *Telegraph*. I wonder why as I am writing this the *Times* has not run it. Perhaps they are waiting for the KGB to deny it? Who knows? What is certain is that one week after Anast published facts about how the Soviets were indirectly, as well as directly, subsidizing parts of the press in the birthplace of selective democracy, tyranny, and demagogy, the Greek prime minister, Andreas Papandreou, the most famous anti-American since the Ayatollah himself, attended a party celebrating the first year of *Ethnos*'s existence—or Soviet subsidization, if you prefer.

Given Papandreou's openly anti-American and pro-Russian line, his attendance was not at all surprising. What is surprising to most friends of Uncle Sam is that Washington still takes Papandreou's posturing seriously. I have always thought of Andreas Papandreou as the Greek version of Bianca Jagger. Like the posturing Nicaraguan ninny, he has made anti-Americanism the basis of his political philosophy. (And like Bianca Jagger he runs the gamut of anti-American bile, from sneering accusations to snarling hysteria, with eyes like slit trenches for effect.)

It is curious that Andreas became prime minister in a landslide victory, because his past is not one that would endear him to most Greeks. As a student he was a Trotskyite and fled to America after police showed interest in his activities. When Greece was invaded by fascist Italy in 1940, and his class was called up, he refused to return. Instead, he became an American citizen. To avoid the draft in the U.S. he became a nurse's aide at the Bethesda Naval Hospital. He remained in America during the savage Communist uprising in Greece in the wake of World War II and taught economics at various American universities, including Berkeley. When in 1963 his father, George, became prime minister, he was appointed to the

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most powerful ministry. He once again became Greek. (Before his father's election, Andreas had served as economics adviser but had retained his American citizenship in order not to pay Greek taxes.) As a minister Andreas had good ideas. So good in fact that his father's party split up, accusing the elder Papandreou of nepotism. The Colonels came soon after.

After their collapse Andreas returned triumphant. And with a new and perfect ploy, anti-Americanism. His gimmick was made easier by something Greeks call *filotimo*. It means pride, but the word can also be used when lying to save face. In ancient times, face was saved by blaming the gods. Now Uncle Sam has replaced Zeus. Papandreou has blamed all of Greece's self-induced disasters on America, and the Greeks love it. Despite the fact that he attacks nepotism yet is a product of that system, that he uses patronage as much as any politician in the past, that he plays his favorites unashamedly, and that he uses the divisive and intemperate slogans of a reckless extremist, his star is not about to wane. His demagogy has the people convinced that the Great Satan will finally be put in his place by Andreas. The yellowest press in Europe agrees.

What is to be done about him? This is a hard question to answer. If, as Wilfrid Sheed claims, the object of the intellect is truth, then Papandreou must be judged as being on an intellectual level with, say, Bokassa, formerly of the Central African Empire. But if the object of the intellect is to mislead and conquer, then Papandreou must be viewed as a danger to all freedom-loving Greeks. My guess is that he will never accept an electoral defeat, and that the hard-core Marxists behind him will eventually try to establish a one-party system. I can only point out to the wise men in Washington what Old Nick wrote in *The Prince* in 1532: "From this arises the question whether it is better to be loved rather than feared, or feared rather than loved. We should wish to be both, but since love and fear can hardly exist together, if we must choose between them, it is far safer to be feared than to be loved." It is about time that America chose whether it wants to be kicked around (loved) or respected (feared). □

Tod Lindberg

THE *DARTMOUTH REVIEW* AND THE CAMPUS RIGHT

A young neoconservative journalist raises some objections.

The press has lately made much of a new "conservative movement" said to be sweeping the nation's college campuses. The principal evidence of this has been the profusion, in the last few years, of student journals of "conservative" opinion. Whereas once the Left had owned the alternative press, now the Right has increasingly been asserting itself. Whereas once the Right had been the "establishment" in the academy, now the men and women of the Left have come into positions of authority, and thus have become the objects of disaffection. Or so the media accounts have run.

It is true that the comparatively large number of right-of-center student publications represents a new phenomenon; whether or not these constitute a movement is a different matter. The current lot began to appear in 1979, with *Counterpoint* at the University of Chicago and the *Yale Political Monthly*; 1980 brought a handful more, including the best known among them, the *Dartmouth Review*, which began to publish that June. The number continues to grow, and it seems there are now dozens. Yet the tendency to think of these journals as manifestations of a single entity or impulse ought to be resisted. There is in fact substantial diversity: some are magazines, some newspapers; some are neoconservative, some Old Right, some Moral Majoritarian/New Right, some libertarian; some cover only campus events, some mix that with national affairs, some cover only national affairs; some treat of literary and cultural matters, some do not; and so on.

But because many of them have received funding from the same source—the Institute for Educational Affairs in New York—and because politically they are all at least broadly of the Right, the media, including both left and right wings, have by and large disregarded the distinguishing features of each in favor of the notion of a unified, even well-articulated, movement. And to judge by the articles that have appeared in *Newsweek*, *Time*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, *National Review*, the *New York Times*, and others (to say nothing of television and radio), the leader of this "movement," or at least its most important voice, is the *Dartmouth Review*. To understand why this should be so, one need only look to the pages of the *Review* itself.

The *Dartmouth Review* is a weekly newspaper, in tabloid form, which covers local events—including campus sports—and national affairs. It claims a very wide readership at Dartmouth College, and a substantial number of alumni subscribers —1500 or 1700 of the latter, depending on where one looks in the November 1, 1982 edition. Its concerns are almost exclusively political; it rarely touches upon literature, for example, or the popular culture, and when it does, it tends to judge according to political criteria.

One of the *Review*'s main subjects has been, and continues to be, homosexuality,

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which it opposes on moral grounds. More specifically, the *Review* objects to student government funding for Dartmouth's Gay Students Alliance, and to the view of homosexuality that the Alliance puts forth. It gained national attention in May 1981 when it published an article that named the officers of the Alliance (along with excerpts from some personal letters addressed to the Alliance, although no names were attached to these). At least one of the officers the *Review* named had not previously been "out of the closet"; he called the *Review* and others, denying any connection with the Alliance. In a subsequent issue, the *Review* held that "based on these serious charges of inaccuracy, The Review is compelled to produce its evidence. It is our policy to substantiate all challenged facts reported in our stories." This it proceeded to do, reproducing in its pages photographs of documents that bore the student's name in connection with Alliance activities.

One of the issues raised in the press was how the *Review* came by these letters and files. The Alliance and others alleged that the *Review* had stolen the documents, but they were unable to substantiate the charge. In any case, someone obviously took the papers without the Alliance's permission. Sources close to the *Review* say that the documents, still presumably in the *Review*'s possession, made mention of about thirty other homosexual Dartmouth students, whose names the *Review* did not publish. The *Review* described the article which "uncloseted" the Alliance officer as "restrained and responsible," arguing that "we thought [the names of the officers] were public," like the officers of other student organizations.

The jabs at the homosexual group have continued in a regular feature of the newspaper, collections of short pieces under the heading "The Week in Review." In the October 11, 1982 edition, two of the eleven items in this section concerned homosexuals; the following week, three of eighteen. In the October 18 issue, the *Review* reported that the Gay Students Alliance was "thinking about changing its name to Gays and Lesbians at Dartmouth (GLAD)." The item immediately following this report ran as follows, under the headline "In the can":

> Memo: to GLAD
> From: The Dartmouth Review
> Wasn't the closet more comfortable than the trash bag? You guys could suffocate.

The *Review* also opposes organized labor, primarily on economic grounds. Here is its reaction to an appearance at Dartmouth by Lane Kirkland, head of the AFL-CIO:

> All present failed to ask Kirkland the following pertinent questions: a) Do exorbitant wages in the steel, auto, and construction industries have any correlation to the equally exorbitant unemployment in those industries? b) Does organized labor ever intend to take any positive steps to help the American economy or its union members in any long run sense? c) Where should letters to Jimmy Hoffa be addressed?

In addition, the *Review* has received a great deal of press attention for its treatment of racial matters. It is against affirmative action, when this means quotas or any kind of preferential treatment, and it opposes Black Studies programs on campus. Because the black students' organization at Dartmouth is very much in favor of affirmative action, its members—though usually not by name—are often the targets of attacks in the *Review*. The issue in the press has not been so much the substance of the *Review*'s positions on minorities, but rather the tone. As examples of its tone we find an article—written by an editior of the *Review*, and satirizing its opponents—by-lined "I.B. Black"; a column headlined "Black is boring"; a piece on Dartmouth's Asian-American Society headlined "Chinks to chains"; and most famous of all, a column headlined "Dis sho' ain't no jive, bro." The latter was a satire, a mock defense of affirmative action, written in what the *Review* subsequently described as "jive," a "mock black dialect." Here are some selections from it:

> . . . Dem white mo-fo be sayin' 'ffirmative action ain't no good fo' us, cause it be puttin' down ac-demic standards.
>
> . . . And who be mouthin' 'bout us not bein' good read? I be practicly knowin' *Roots* cova to cova, til' my mind be boogying to da words! An' I be watchin' the Jeffersons on TV til I be blue in da face.
>
> . . . I not be settin' out to be brutally 'tackin nobody. . . . I'll be honest. I will tell da truf. Dat is da fus 'quirement for 'scussion on dis, and I would aks (8) da Dartmut c-munity to do da same. Well, you know, it's like, I say . . . to call a spade a spade.

The footnote read: "(8) aks—ask." Responding to charges in the press of racism, the *Review* noted that the column "was exaggerated. Of course not all blacks talk like that. Some do. If none did no one would be upset." Moreover, "The precedent for using racial dialect is sound. Ring Lardner did in *Damon Runyon* [sic]. Mark Twain did in *Huck Finn*."

And then there is Israel, and the Jews. The *Review* published a piece about the approaching end of the semester at Dartmouth entitled "Final solution." And we have the following item, under the headline "Bombing out":

> In light of recent Dartmouth Football disasters, we advise the Ariel Sharon game plan: Lots of bombs.

The *Review* recently gathered some more national attention after publishing the following short piece. Entitled "Grin and Beirut," it appeared under a picture of a *sukkah*, a ceremonial hut, which some Jewish students at Dartmouth had erected to commemorate a religious holiday:

> The Zionists have gone too far with the erection of a ceremonial "sukkah" settlement on the West Bank of College Hall. A spokesman for the Dartmouth Hillel has flatly refused to remove the ceremonial shack without guarantees from President McLaughlin for increased aid for the Judaic Studies Department, and a new Jewish dormitory on the banks of the Connecticut River. A buildup of Cadillacs is rumored along the outskirts of West Lebanon, N.H.

Unfortunately, some vandals destroyed the *sukkah*, and some people on campus linked that to the *Review*'s article. The *Review* denied any connection and deplored the incident. It issued a statement describing itself as "strongly pro-Jewish and pro-Israeli," noting that "we believe that Jews have contributed considerably to the College's intellectual and cultural life." The statement said that the original piece's two authors were Jewish, and that "three of The Review's top five editors are Jewish."

What then can we say, based on these samples from the *Dartmouth Review*? The *Review* is not essentially racist, or anti-Semitic, or what-have-you, as many of its critics have charged. But it is, alas, consistently tasteless. This comes from the combination of two things: first, its hard-line conservatism, which serves to define its opponents; and second, a certain juvenile sense of humor—in the tradition of *Animal House*, which was reportedly based on a Dartmouth College fraternity. From these two we can tell what kinds of jokes to expect, and who the butts will be. Without either, the *Review* would not be what it is.

For perhaps above all, the *Review*

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means to be funny. To take the "Grin and Beirut" piece as an example, we might ask what it means to liken this *sukkah* to the settlements on the West Bank: does the *Review* suggest that Jews have no place at Dartmouth, and on the West Bank, and thus should withdraw from both? No, surely not—or so the response would be—it is only a joke. But there is a result here in addition to an intention, and the result in this case is at least of dubious taste. "Boys will be boys," perhaps, and there will always be sophomoric humor; but the *Review* goes much too far, much too often. In fact, there seems to be a tendency toward this sort of thing at Dartmouth. We have the *Animal House* example, of course. In addition, faculty members, either individually or as a group, seem to spend a great deal of time denouncing the *Review*, and in the most extreme of terms. There is also the example of the Dartmouth administrator who attacked and bit a student, after his victim ignored his command to stop distributing copies of the *Review*; this affair prompted the faculty to denounce the *Review* again; the *Review* then denounced the faculty; and so on.

But even if there is such a tradition, the *Review* is no less responsible for what it prints. It is exactly its flamboyant tone that distinguishes it from the other conservative campus journals (although now it does have one or two imitators, notably the *California Review* at the University of California, San Diego). The press has long been inclined, quite correctly, to notice and comment upon sensational outbreaks of bad taste on campus: thus the *Review*'s national reputation. One hears very little detail about the *Yale Political Monthly*, which is neoconservative and slightly academic; about the *Harvard Salient*, which is conservative without being altogether hard-line; about *Student Magazine* in Colorado, which is Reaganite, although it allows lengthy "responsible opposing viewpoints" in its pages; and so on. This is because they are by and large reasonable; there is very little brouhaha to report. Yet the press often makes passing mention of them in connection with its reports on the *Dartmouth Review*. The press sees a movement, and since the press has a great deal to say about the *Review*, it places the *Review* at the head.

But the *Review* is not the leader among these publications, because few of them are much inclined to follow it; in fact there is no movement, and so no leader. Nor is the *Review* representative of them; rather, its sense of humor places it on the fringe, as even a cursory glance at the others will show. The diversity among them is in many ways more important than the similarity, and they themselves do not think they are parts of a unified whole. Those who are sympathetic to them—even to the fringes—would do well to make this point clear. In the first place, the awareness of real diversity may spread to the press more generally. Second, it may encourage a reasonable tone among them all, an outcome that would be desirable. □

Fred Barnes

THE PARADOX OF CAMPAIGN '82

The Republicans lost but "liberal" remains a dirty word.

People say some pretty amazing things about political campaigns. President Reagan showed up in the Rose Garden the day after Republicans dropped 26 House seats and seven governorships to announce that he was all smiles about that outcome. Richard S. Williamson, one of Reagan's ablest aides, told Republican governors that the midterm election had been "a wash." Grasping for straws, Mark Tapscott of *Conservative Digest* said it was "the third best performance" by a President's party during a recession-dominated election since the Civil War. On the left, Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway of the *Village Voice* agreed that Reagan held his own, saying "it seems absurd for Democrats to derive great encouragement from the elections."

Sorry, but what's absurd is this twaddle. Two things happened in the election and one of them was, as Jerry Brown put it, "a mild rebuke" of the President and his economic program. You don't lose 26 seats in the House without it meaning something unpleasant for the party that suffers the losses. Sure, it could have been a lot worse for Reagan and the Republicans. It can be argued (erroneously, I think) that Reagan made the best out of a bad economic situation, that he was able to cut his losses. But there *were* losses.

Something else happened in the election, though, and it may have been more important. The political dialogue kept its rightward tilt. Candidates everywhere, Democrats and Republicans, insisted that they were fiscal conservatives. All were horrified at the budget deficits and in favor of spending cuts. Virtually every candidate said that military spending should be trimmed, but it was only the inflation-adjusted increase in defense bucks they wanted reduced. Conservatives have won the argument on the military buildup. The question now is the pace of the buildup. Should it be five percent a year in real growth, or more?

No one, including liberal Democrats, was opposed to economic growth. The small-is-beautiful and no-growth crowds were not heard from—at all. And remember the big issue among Democrats in 1980? It was national health insurance. Democrats were all for it, though they bickered over whether it should be implemented in one immediate swoop or gradually. This year, there was no mention of national health insurance. It has been stripped from the national agenda.

The *New York Times* wrongly concluded, on the basis of Democratic victories over a handful of conservative Republicans, that "liberal" is "no longer a dirty word." But if it's acceptable again, how come so few candidates, even the most liberal of Democrats, were willing to identify themselves as liberals? The answer is that "liberal" is still a dirty word. Democrat Mark Dayton, the department store heir who narrowly failed in his bid to unseat Republican Senator David Durenberger of Minnesota, was probably the most thoroughgoing liberal seeking a seat in Congress in the 1982 election. Dayton's political background was as an antiwar

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crusader and inner-city school volunteer; he referred to his enormous wealth as his "original sin." But he wouldn't concede to being a liberal. Dayton said he was a "progressive." True, Dayton didn't try to foist himself off as a fiscal conservative. He said he was a "fiscal moderate."

Most Democratic candidates not only rejected the liberal label but also the dogma. Roxanne Conlin, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor of Iowa, was a product of the antiwar movement of the 1960s and the women's movement of the 1970s, but while campaigning in 1982 she sometimes sounded like Reagan. This was particularly true when she ridiculed Iowa's 12 volumes of regulations. "There are page after page of definitions," she complained. "My favorite definition is of a low or moderate income person. According to Iowa's regulations, it's a person who lives in a low or moderate income family. I needed to know that." Conlin, a former federal prosecutor, also was noisily tough on crime and confessed she might favor lifting the drinking age to 21, long a goal of conservatives.

Her drift to the right was hardly anomalous. In Ohio, Democrat Richard Celeste waltzed to the governorship by denouncing "made in Washington" solutions to economic problems, an appeal with a not-so-faint states' rights odor and one that used to be made only by conservatives. "The choice," he insisted, "is between the made-in-Washington perspective and made-in-Ohio policies. I will stand up for Ohio." Like Conlin, Celeste has a liberal background, having been Peace Corps director during the Carter Administration.

In Michigan, Congressman Jim Blanchard was elected governor after campaigning as a supporter of budget cuts. In Massachusetts, former Governor Michael Dukakis angered many of his liberal supporters by declining to spout liberal rhetoric in his speeches and television ads. He defeated Governor Edward King in the Democratic primary by emphasizing the corruption issue and then effortlessly glided past liberal Republican John Sears.

A notably bellweather campaign was run by Jim Cooper, who trounced Cissy Baker, Howard's daughter, for the new House seat in Tennessee. Cooper has many of the trappings associated with upper-class liberalism. He was groomed at a New England prep school and Harvard Law School before going to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Cooper adopted the classic Democratic tactic for thwarting Republican gains in the South. "I'm a conservative Democrat," he said at the start of his speeches, then repeated the phrase again and again. "A lot of you think that's a contradiction, something like Army intelligence and jumbo shrimp. Believe it or not, I'm living proof there is one."

The posture Democrats adopted in 1982 should be familiar to Republicans, since it's the same one they embraced in the 1950s and 1960s. It is me-tooism. Reagan and the Republicans were for tax cuts; well, so were the Democrats, except they would shape the tax decrease a bit differently. The President and the GOP were for budget cuts; well, so were the Democrats, only the cuts should be different ones. Democrats were not calling for a full throttle rollback of the Reagan economic program. What they offered was fine-tuning of Reaganomics, and it was reminiscent of the hoary Republican argument that the GOP could run the welfare state more efficiently. Richard Davis, the Democratic Senate candidate in Virginia, crystallized the Democratic pitch in a single sentence. "I believe we should change the course while continuing in the same general direction," he said. He lost.

All this is not to say that there weren't occasional sightings of old-fashioned liberalism. But they were memorable because of their infrequency. Toward the end of the campaign, Democrats started hollering for a new program of public works jobs to stem unemployment. The surprising thing was that they waited so long—remember the recession began in July 1981—before trotting out this old panacea. But deep in the soul of many Democrats, there lurks an unquenchable desire to put folks on the government payroll, despite the evidence that this neither eases the pain of recessions (which usually end before the jobs begin) nor starts the poor on the path to lives of productive labor. At the least, however, this yearning for CETA-revisited is more politically palatable to most Americans than the dirty little secret of Republicans, namely the lust for cutting Social Security benefits.

The dialogue of the 1982 campaign suggests that conservatives have won the ideological war. The overriding questions are the ones they have framed. Are taxes too high? Is the government too big? Does the military need to be bolstered? And the answers to these from nearly every candidate were yes. Nonetheless, the immediate battle in the midterm election was lost, no matter how much Reagan smiles. The House of Representatives will be less conservative, less inclined to go along with the President.

The reason for this was the recession. Public opinion surveys may show that people blame past Democratic policies more than Reaganomics for the recession, but that didn't help the Republicans in this election. There was only Reaganomics to vote against. Republicans complained that Democrats offered no alternative, which was true. But how could voters get mad at an alternative that didn't exist? And who is going to vote, during a painful and lingering economic downturn, for the party in power on the ground that the other guys haven't issued an alternative? Not many.

Reagan made matters worse. First, he snuffed out the Republican claim to be the unabashed party of tax cutters by championing the tax increase last summer. Then, with Republican candidates trying to hide behind mini-issues like constituent service and experience, he obliged them to confront the economic mega-issue by asking voters to "stay the course." This slogan was ridiculed by Democrats. Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina said it should be changed to "stay the execution." Privately, Democratic strategists rollicked in their good fortune. The transformation of the election into a referendum on Reaganomics in the midst of a recession was more than they could have hoped for. Not unexpectedly, voters tended to judge Reaganomics on what it had produced so far, not on its promises.

Nobody was left higher and drier than Congressman David Emery of Maine, who was seeking to supplant Democratic Senator George Mitchell. In defiance of his reputation as a clumsy campaigner, Mitchell adroitly took the stance of a fine-tuner. He advocated changes in Reaganomics such as delaying (but not eliminating) the third year of the tax cut, but he made no appeal to return to past liberal policies. Desperate, Emery sought to pillory Mitchell for voting against the tax measure—also known as the tax increase—"to close tax loopholes and expose tax evaders." Mitchell, he huffed, was in favor of the three-martini lunch. And even Teddy Kennedy and Tip O'Neill voted for the tax bill, he said.

Mitchell's jaw did not shatter. He responded in a TV spot that he proudly voted "against the biggest tax increase in history." He was independent-minded, Mitchell said, and "doesn't take orders from Ronald Reagan, Tip O'Neill, Ted Kennedy . . . or anyone except the people of Maine." Mitchell, who once trailed Emery by 36 points in a poll, won in a landslide, 61-39 percent. □

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DARKNESS IN CALIFORNIA

by John Wettergreen

At an impromptu news conference two weeks before the election, a reporter pressed Jerry Brown for a reply to Pete Wilson's charge that, just as he had been a mediocre governor, so he would be a mediocre senator. On the run, the Governor shot back that Wilson would be "even more mediocre." From that point on, it was clear to me that Brown had to lose.

For Brown's partisans were sometimes willing to concede that he is incompetent, empty-headed, mercurial, but never that he is just another politician. This view achieved national currency. As the *Wall Street Journal*'s political reporter, Albert Hunt, remarked, "the Senate surely will be a more interesting place next year if . . . winners include . . . Jerry Brown." And of course, Brown fascinates Brown. In his concession speech, he wondered what he'd do next. He had no idea, except that it would be "interesting."

Only one thing made Jerry Brown interesting. He was a liberal Democrat who managed to succeed Ronald Reagan. Brown promoted this interest, by claiming to have the new ideas for which the left wing of the Democracy has been clamoring since 1968. Brown read books, or at least he mentioned E.F. Schumacher's *Small is Beautiful: Economics as if People Mattered.* He spoke in phrases which were, arguably, Zen *koans*. So the fact that Brown had twice outdone his Republican opponents (one was a professor of political science and the other took a vacation in Hawaii in the middle of the campaign) by promising small government and smaller taxes was "interesting," in that these promises did not imply any abandonment of the liberal agenda.

Indeed, there was no abandonment. During Brown's tenure, income taxes soared; the budget more than tripled; the universities were unionized and further politicized; the courts were filled with "judicial activists" in the name of affirmative action. And now, one week after the election, it has been reported that, for the second time this century, the state is running in the red. The first deficit was left to Ronald Reagan by Jerry's father.

Ever since the Fly Wars of the Santa Clara Valley, Californians have been chortling at the mere mention of the Governor's name. The Santa Clara Valley, which once raised most of the world's prunes, is now the Silicon Valley. When the Mediterranean Fruit Fly attacked the backyard orchards of electronics executives, Brown had his first and last chance to Think Small. Rather than blast the Medflies out of the trees with Malathion, Brown chose a new, ecologically sound bio-technology. Putatively sterile Medflies were released in large numbers, on the hypothesis that they would distract and dilute the breeding efforts of the fertile ones. While Sierra Clubbers, consumer advocates, and assorted paranoids applauded, everyone else lay back and waited for Brown's new idea to interrelate and impact. Everyone, that is, but the voracious flies, whose technologically enhanced rut proved to be amazingly productive. In the hi-tech center of California, Brown's new ideas were thus revealed as definitely lo-tech (which would have been obvious to anyone who had read Schumacher's book).

Given California's political geography, the Fly Wars were more than a matter of hare-brained bungling. Two great urban, industrial centers (the Bay Area, including Silicon Valley, and Los Angeles) are linked by California's agricultural heartland, the 500-mile-long, irrigated, and fabulously wealthy San Joaquin Valley. When the Medflies began to cross over from the Silicon to the San Joaquin (at Livermore, the site of an important nuclear research and development center), Brown had no choice but to blast them. All through the summer of 1981, nightly flights of helicopters sprayed the infested area with the very stuff environmental activists had pronounced carcinogenic and mutagenic. These were devastating reminders of just how close Brown had come to imperiling California's economy at its heart. Naturally, Pete Wilson turned the election into "a referendum on Jerry Brown."

Well aware he was the issue, Brown opened his campaign (he calls them "learning experiences") with the plea "Give Jerry Brown a Second Look." When Wilson finally began his campaign in earnest ten days after Labor Day, the polls showed them even. At that point, Brown attacked directly, claiming that Wilson favored nuclear annihilation and the abolition of Social Security. He remade the infamous TV ad that Johnson used against Goldwater. Cute little kids getting nuked: "Vote Your Life. Vote Brown." Gone was even the pretense of new ideas for saving liberalism.

Brown won five of fifty-eight counties, and ran behind every Democrat.

The Bradley-Deukmejian race was a colorless affair. All the controversy came after the election. Only when Deukmejian won very narrowly (by 50,000 out of 7.5 million) did the Bradleyites discover that racism was decisive. On election eve, Bradley's own pollster had him up 11 percent. Mervin Field, California's most respected pollster, was still picking Bradley the "certain winner" as late as one a.m. Wednesday, when all the networks had projected Deukmejian. Bradley supporters blamed these discrepancies on the electorate's secret racism, but both pollsters admitted to substantial sampling errors resulting from an unwarranted assumption that blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities of color would turn out in unprecedented numbers to vote for a black. Bradley's campaign was calculated to do nothing to arouse antiblack sentiment, while at the same time encouraging "minorities" to go to the polls. Not until the last few days did Bradley make anything like an explicit racial appeal, but this was to Hispanics, who have a notoriously low turnout rate, not blacks.

Deukmejian managed the racial issue even more delicately, if only

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because some local polls showed substantially more prejudice against Armenians than against blacks. He charged that Bradley, like Brown (whose devotion to affirmative action is notorious), would make poor appointments to courts and commissions. Bradley responded by portraying himself as a "colorblind" beneficiary of equal opportunity, only to endorse affirmative action explicitly a few days before the election, apparently as part of his effort to encourage minority voting. As Martyn Smith of the *Sacramento Bee* observed, it proved hard to distinguish antiblack from anti-affirmative action sentiment. If the two are synonymous, perhaps racism was decisive.

However this might be, the differences between Deukmejian and Bradley were clearer than those between Wilson and Brown. Wilson kept his distance from Reagan's policies, and from most conservative issues, content to leave Jerry Brown the issue. Deukmejian campaigned as a conservative Republican: no new taxes, application of the death penalty, budget cuts, agricultural and industrial development. Some ridiculed Deukmejian's constant use of his nickname—The Duke—by reminding voters that John Wayne is dead. Wilson polled about 150,000 votes more than Deukmejian, so it's hard to fault his strategy.

Still, over the past decade or more, statewide candidates willing to make an appeal like The Duke's, including Jerry Brown, have almost always been successful. California is a conservative state, even though it is two-to-one Democratic in registration. More votes were cast against Proposition 15, a handgun control measure, than for any candidate (4.7 million, 67 percent against). Proposition 13, centralized bureaucratic control of the state's water system, lost big (65 percent). So did a plan, cleverly concealed in legal jargon, to place the investment policy of the $30 billion public employees retirement fund under the direction of the state legislature. The nuclear-weapons freeze did win 52 percent, with the help of a large war-chest and no organized opposition. And Tom Hayden had to spend $1.3 million (almost a million was given or "loaned" to him by his wife) in an otherwise bullet-proof Democratic district—all to persuade the voters that he could "work within the system." But the fact remains that only one statewide candidate, besides Deukmejian, was willing to articulate a distinctly conservative appeal. Bill "Traditional Education Works" Honig beat the incumbent Superintendent of Schools.

California, then, is no political dreamland, teeming with murderous cultists, militant pederasts, and vegetarian hot-tubbers. Strange things do happen here, of course. In Berkeley, the insane organized politically, and succeeded in banning electroshock therapy from the city limits. In San Francisco, Sister Boom Boom, a male transvestite, polled 27,000 for county supervisor, and almost won. (A fervent advocate of women's rights, Boom Boom believes the Equal Rights Amendment would pass instantly if men too were forced to wear spike heels, and zippers up the back.) In San Diego, Republican Ron Packard was elected to Congress with nearly 70,000 write-in votes, against an opponent who in his TV ads admitted to being "politically naive." If such events are typical of California, it is only because they are bound to occur in any place so large and populous, and free. Excepting the United States as a whole, no polity in the free world is more diverse.

Indeed, the election results here paralleled those for the nation. Republicans won the top offices, but lost at every lower level. Nationally, this pattern has persisted for at least a decade. Republicans have competed well for the only national office, the Presidency, and more recently, for the broadly representative Senate. At the same time, they have been losing a war of attrition for the House, as well as state and local offices. In short, the Republicans have succeeded in articulating the national interest, while the Democrats have claimed, ever more successfully, to satisfy more parochial interests. Even Democrats, notably the neoliberals, concede this analysis when they fret about the virtual monopoly of Republicans, especially the conservative ones, on "new ideas" for national domestic policies.

Today, parochial or private interests are administered in the main by a Democrat-dominated, highly centralized bureaucracy. Accordingly, a typical Democratic campaign resembles that of my congressman, Norm Mineta. He advertised himself with personal testimonials from private citizens and local officials of both parties, all of whom claimed to be in awe of his ability to overcome bureaucratic arbitrariness and cut red tape for their benefit. Such an incumbent's political responsibility for creating and sustaining this very meddlesome bureaucracy is seldom a matter of public contention, although most incumbents are Democrats. Thus, professional Democrats, including followers of Fonda/Hayden, have criticized Brown and Bradley for Republican-style campaigns, i.e., for relying too heavily on public appeals and the mass media and not heavily enough on grassroots appeals like those solid reminders of dependency on bureaucracy in Mineta's campaign. Nevertheless, however beneficent it may be privately, no Democrat is yet prepared to defend bureaucracy as such as the public interest. In my opinion, that is the only new idea of which the Democracy is capable and the one toward which it is tending. Whichever party succeeds in articulating private and parochial interests as parts of a national interest will hold hegemony for the next generation. □

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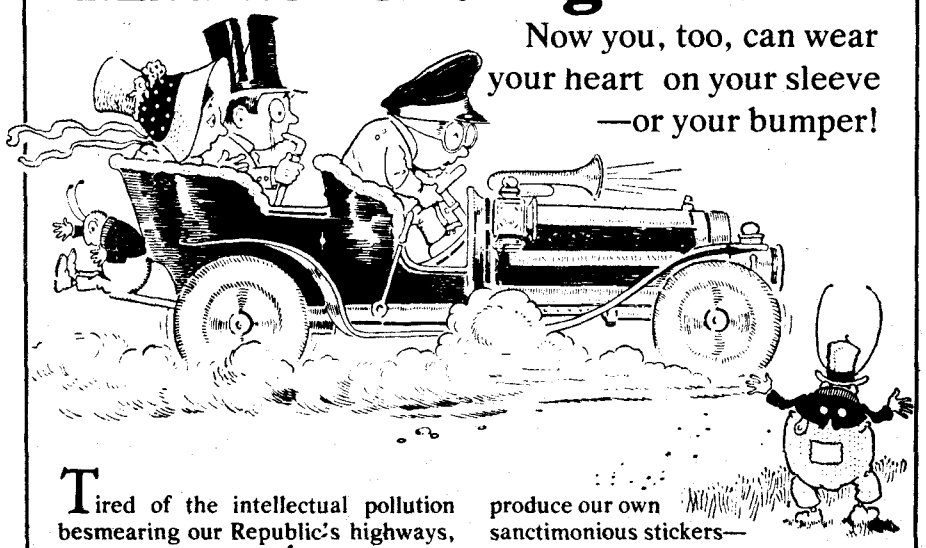

Tired of the intellectual pollution besmearing our Republic's highways, those unseemly clichés on the sporty little Datsuns driven by Ralph Nader's fellow travelers in the white-wine-and-brie set? Are you sick of being assaulted on our otherwise virgin beaches by tired shibboleths on the dirty T-shirts of even dirtier sociology majors? Well, now you can be as self-righteous as they.

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COLUMBIA JOURNALISM'S CLASS OF '82

by Eleanore B. Goodman

Fred Friendly is addressing the student body on the limits of journalistic freedom. He posits a situation in which an editor receives information on an imminent preemptive strike by 40,000 U.S. troops against a despot-led country about to invade a U.S. ally in the region. Congress is aware of the plan; the public, of course, is not. Printing the story would jeopardize the success of the strike and further imperil the lives of the U.S. troops. What to do?

Cries of "Blow it wide open!" fill the hall. "It's undeclared war and that's illegal!" one student shouts. "Imperialist!" another observes. Playing the devil's advocate, Mr. Friendly asks, "What about the lives of the troops?" A chorus responds, "They joined the army to kill and get killed!"

On September 8, 1981, Dean Osborn Elliott, former editor of *Newsweek*, welcomed the Class of 1982 as we began our nine-month master-of-science program at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. Chosen from among more than 900 applicants, we 174 students in the school's 69th class—some with several years of professional experience and others straight out of college—hoped eventually to join many of the school's 4,000 alumni who occupy preeminent positions in the country's broadcast and print media.

Elliott, who refers to himself as "your friendly neighborhood dean," was standing at the podium in the World Room. Behind him was a stained-glass portrait of the Statue of Liberty, and from the open windows the urban roar of our "laboratory," New York City, filled me and perhaps others with anticipation. "I welcome you as public servants—for that is really what journalism is all about," said Dean Elliott. "You have opted for a calling that is higher than most . . . Journalism is . . . a 'precariously intellectual vocation' . . . Yours will be the task to decide what is truly important . . . to help set the national agenda . . . Journalism provides both the glue that holds our society together and the lubricant that makes it work."

In May, the same 174 of us gathered in the same room to receive awards. Frances Fitzgerald addressed us: "While being hated is not definitive proof that you're doing a good job, it is a pretty good indicator. Individuals, the government, and the public will all hate you. . . . But the commitment to the truth implies a political," she fumbled, "I mean a very *critical* attitude . . . and it is important we keep the faith and keep the pressure on so that the changes we'd like to see as a result of our work might eventually happen." She was reverently applauded.

The Class of 1982 has gone forth, in Ms. Fitzgerald's words, "to write the truth" and to "see to it that other people don't write their own report cards."

• • •

At a seminar entitled "Interpretive Writing of Social Trends," the instructor, a former New York Times *editor, begins the session on religion with some basic questions. "Does anyone know anything about the Episcopalians?" There is silence among the 12 students. Someone mutters something about similarities to the Catholic Church. "How about the Methodists?" he continues. Another silence. Finally he concedes, "You don't have to know the details of a religion. Just know basically if it's liberal or conservative, and then a smart person can go on from there. In a pinch, you can always look up the facts."*

By the end of the year, my fact-finding files were brimming with old copies of *Time* and *Newsweek*—the shortcuts to knowledge distributed by the faculty. One professor, speaking half in jest but whole in truth, observed, "We raise a few questions and I ramble on indiscriminately." In one rambling, he remarks, "The Catholic Church has great PR, much better than the Protestant churches." The students nod. The professor's word is made flesh.

There was a general sentiment among the students that journalism is more an *affaire de coeur* than a job requiring great mental discipline. As long as you have Dean Elliott's "fire in the belly," it does not much matter how tepid your thoughts. Witness the results of student-to-student interviews:

- So often, oppression breeds hatred and resentment; when its object is a stronger character, it can develop the

Eleanore B. Goodman is a writer/editor for Reddy Communications in Greenwich, Connecticut.

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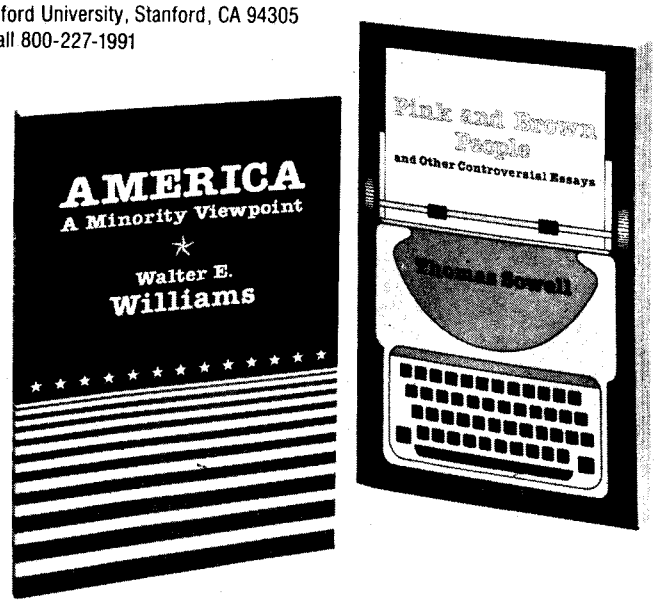

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will reduce its effect by making that person want to come to the aid of the oppressed.

• But her greater aim, she says, is, "I have no ultimate goal beyond being a really great reporter and writer. . . ." She believes that Columbia GSJ is the place to learn her profession as well as her journalistic idols, including writers James Baldwin, I.F. Stone, and Mark Twain. She has other heroes; like most thinkers, she names several.

• Money and what people have or, more accurately have not done to acquire it is a theme that dates back centuries. According to the New Testament in the Bible. . . .

Oh, *that* New Testament.

At a press conference held to discuss the effects of budget cuts on poor teenage mothers, four such mothers, complete with babies, explain how impossible their lives would become if funds for their social services were cut. One young woman laments how little she knew about sex before getting pregnant and says that there will be fewer counselors and more unwanted children due to the cuts.

Later, off camera, she admits to a reporter that she had received counseling for two years before she decided to get pregnant and go on public assistance to keep her boyfriend. I report this to my professor and fellow students. They question the "newsworthiness" of this fact. "We didn't hear her say it, anyway," they argue.

In the first week, we were admonished in speeches and course syllabi to "be open to new knowledge, ideas, and experiences," to "leave your private prejudices and preconceptions at home," and to "be compassionate or angry, but temper those feelings with the discipline of a professional."

The school motto reads, "That the people shall know." Over half the class followed this injunction by writing master's articles on such topics as "Deregulation and Worker Safety," "Elderly People's Politicization in the Face of a Budget-Cutting, Conservative White House," "El Salvador Solidarity Movement," "Lawyers Leaving Poverty Law," "Nonfundamentalist Christian Opposition to Reagan's Policies," "The Nuclear Prometheus," and even "The Effect of the Reagan Budget Cuts on Off-Off-Broadway." The rest of us covered nonpolitical or nonpartisan issues. A petition to "Save Lou Grant," which said that "Ed Asner's outspoken political stands is [sic] likely to have been a factor" in the program's cancellation, stayed posted in the student lounge for days. The United Technologies ad I posted, detailing the results of a survey of media leaders and finding them overwhelmingly liberal, disappeared within one day.

The problem of bias was addressed only selectively. One professor allowed that "the line is blurry between what is fact and what is interpretation." Then, only a few minutes later, he criticized a student for "reporting from a specific viewpoint" in trying to demonstrate that the secular media cannot cover religion effectively. During a several-edition editing exercise, we were asked to write headlines for a story on the May Day antiwar protests of 1970. One student wrote, "Second Attempt to Close Capital Feared." The instructor, a *Times* editor, said "feared" smacks of a Nixon-Agnew mind-set, writing next to it, "This word takes on a partisan tone, as though you are siding with the cops

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and against the demonstrators."

Concerning bias, one student's comment is instructive: "I question the validity and integrity of the journalistic racket. Just-the-facts-please and get-the-other-side orientations strike me as a cheap copout on the journalist's role in society. A great problem in society is the fetish for objectivity. There is a great need for people to take a stand on the important issues of the day—nuclear arms and human rights. Anyone who claims to be objective about these things is lying."

When one student suggested that perhaps not *every* story warrants a negative presentation, the professor conceded, "Perhaps not, but then, who'd read a story like that?" Another student added, "If the lead isn't pejorative, after all, it's just boring."

• • •

"I wonder if anyone had anything more coming out of the class than he or she had going into it . . . I did the readings; I attended the discussions; I sat through the wranglings and garblings of my classmates, who spouted off about matters of which they obviously knew nothing. In effect, I dedicated 11 Friday mornings to this nonsense and have nothing to show for it."

—Student Evaluation

On that opening day back in September, Dean Elliott explained, "One of the most important courses that all of you will take is offered Fridays by Professors Fred Friendly and Benno Schmidt. It is called 'Media, the Law and Society.' In this course you will be exploring not just such legal matters as the First Amendment, libel law, and rules of privacy—but probing deeply into the ethics of journalism and its central role in the workings of our Republic. Not to mention the thought processes, and set of mind, that distinguish a journalist from a lawyer or a businessman."

One "thought process" went as follows. The issues in question are the line between public and private person and the public's right to know. Mr. Friendly posits that *if* the Republican presidential nominee wins, Mrs. Emily Smith, president of a prominent women's college and an avowed right-to-lifer, *might* be appointed head of the Department of Health and Human Resources. The election is still months away, however.

You, the journalist, hear that 30 years ago Mrs. Smith had an abortion. Amid tirades against hypocrisy, the students vow to procure her medical files. Professor Schmidt, whom one student called "a welcome tonic to all the hyperbole and hypothetical hoopla," points out that this act is punishable by a hefty fine and five years in prison. Quite a few find their zeal for informing the public dampened. Others summon their macho, however, and vow to persist.

You go to Mrs. Smith and present the charge. Emotionally, she admits that her parents forced her to have an abortion when they found out that her uncle had raped her while they "were at a prayer meeting," as Mr. Friendly says. Many loudly urge publication and continue to do so even when Mr. Friendly further posits that, in fact, the abortion was never performed and Mrs. Smith's husband now believes their grown daughter is *his* child.

Whatever the case, exercises concerning individual rights did not interest many students. One wrote, "It is unfortunate that the course focused as much as it did on the question of libel and right of privacy rather than prior restraints and the first amendment rights of broadcasters."

Compassion ran strong through-

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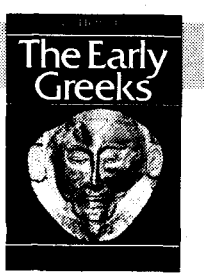

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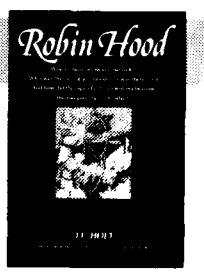

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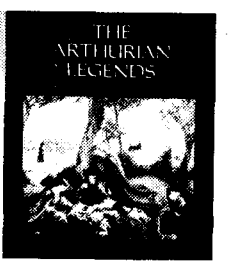

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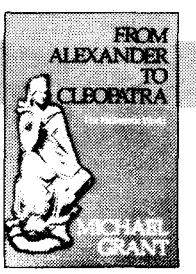

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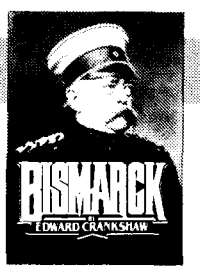

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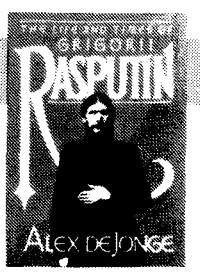

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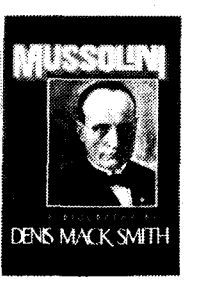

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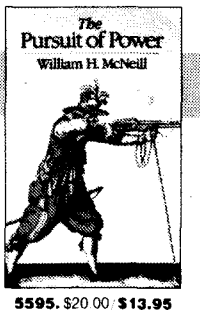

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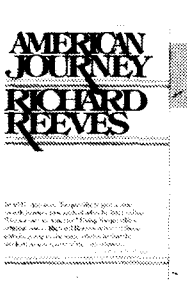

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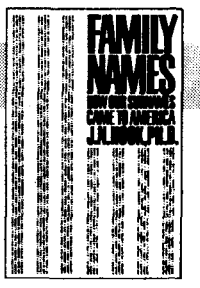

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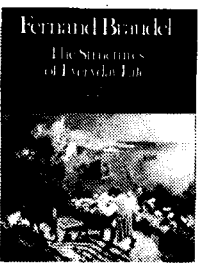

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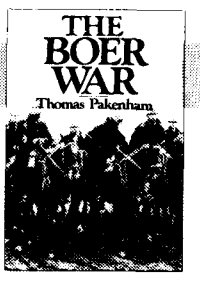

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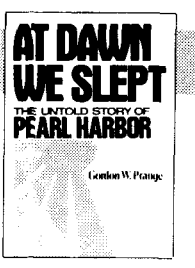

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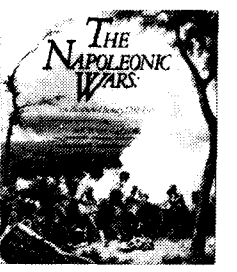

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out the student body. "We have to remember that most people are incredibly ignorant of what's going on," one student declared. Another, the winner of a school award for general excellence, said in a seminar on education, "I have trouble with parental involvement. Most parents don't know the first thing about education—processes, philosophies, approaches. Why should they be consulted?" A professor warned, "If you don't read the *Times*'s editorials on election day, you're going into the voting booth blind." And one student recorded the following after an interview with a colleague: "He told me, 'I am an egotist. Becoming popular is my main goal.' Criticizing his government for the way he says it robs the country, he wants to help get rid of the corruption he saw everywhere when growing up. But he doesn't see any reason why such idealism should stand in the way of personal success. Exposing crooked bureaucrats is fine, but he seems clear about what comes first for him. 'My personal desires are above humanity,' he says with assurance."

As the end of the year approached, personal concerns became paramount. A Wellesley graduate announced that "I want it all—100% personal life and 100% career" which includes "becoming a network anchor within eight years." Much grumbling, however, was exchanged about the inadequacies of Columbia's reputedly outstanding "connection network."

Several organizations gave informational and recruiting presentations. Among these, the Voice of America announced plans to interview students for a one-year internship in Washington. The student lounge filled with scoffs and energetic agreement on the evils of propaganda. "The only people who work there," cautioned one professor, "are those who can't make it in any other part of the business." He saw no need to moderate his view just because he had never heard a VOA broadcast: "It's common knowledge," he said.

Later, word went out that the internship involved a $16,000 salary. The 15 available interview spots filled up—quickly, silently. □

THE TALKIES

THE MEISTERSLINGER

by Martha Bayles

Burden of Dreams is a documentary made by Les Blank, an American filmmaker, about the German director Werner Herzog's efforts to complete his latest film, *Fitzcarraldo*. It could not have been made without Herzog's cooperation, allowing Blank to follow him into the Peruvian jungle, where *Fitzcarraldo*'s main sequences were shot. Herzog also spent time in front of Blank's camera, holding forth about himself and his art. And *Burden of Dreams* was released before *Fitzcarraldo*—timing which must have had Herzog's approval. Probably he expected the documentary revealing his struggles as a bold, unconventional artist to spark interest in *Fitzcarraldo*.

Things haven't worked out quite that way. The audience response to *Burden of Dreams* has been, for the most part, guffaws. And Herzog has begun telling reporters that he wishes people would forget Blank's film when they see *Fitzcarraldo*. "It's easy," he griped in a recent interview, "to show a film director as a foolish man."

Does this mean Blank took unfair advantage, filming the great director from behind while he flaps his arms at six hundred Aguaruna Indians? Not really. Herzog is a handsome fellow, photogenic even when knee-deep in jungle muck. And the majority of the audience are dazzled by his much-publicized "dreams," which include making his films as authentic as possible. *Fitzcarraldo*, the tale of a nineteenth-century Irishman who hauls a steamboat over a mountain in order to gain access to the rubber trade so that he may bring grand opera to Peru, is the sort of jungle-adventure film they used to shoot in studios among potted palms, recorded macaw cries, and nonwhite extras from the unemployment office. Herzog rightly declares such methods to be "claustrophobic," and leads his actors and technicians into a remote section of the Amazon where they will feel, along with fear and discomfort, a *frisson* of primeval awe which presumably they will translate into art.

Herzog fans will also remember *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*—probably his most successful film in the United States. Based on the true story of Lope de Aguirre, a Spanish conquistador who went on a rampage of murder and mayhem until he was captured and shot in 1561, *Aguirre* is so authentic the Andean mist practically rolls off the screen. And American audiences interpret it in political terms as a protest against imperialism, or perhaps the rise of Hitler.

Yet even at *Aguirre*, which is a better film than *Fitzcarraldo* or *Burden of Dreams*, one hears some impertinent mirth. Some critics have pointed out that the real theme of *Aguirre* is not protest but cosmic absurdity: the human will cut free from the illusions of morality, asserting itself against the chaos of the universe. The laughter, they suggest, is philosophical.

I think these critics are right about Herzog's theme, but not about the laughter. In the first place, there are so many artists dealing with cosmic absurdity nowadays, the average audience can hardly be expected to do much more than yawn. In the second place, there is the problem of Klaus Kinski, the German actor who plays both Aguirre and Fitzcarraldo. He plays every role, including himself in *Burden of Dreams*, as though he were Buster Keaton on a jag. He is not without deliberate humor, but his fate with American audiences seems to be inadvertent comedy—his most serious efforts come off as the funniest: scarecrow antics and mad-scientist mugging.

I must concede that Herzog's original casting of Jason Robards as Fitzcarraldo, with Mick Jagger as his simple-minded sidekick, might have led to the kind of film people laugh *with* instead of *at*. But halfway through the first shooting, Robards contracted amoebic dysentery; and when Jagger also left, the sidekick part was written out of the script. Actually, it may have been Herzog's passion for authenticity that made Robards sick. In one scene Fitzcarraldo is supposed to enter into a work agreement with an Indian tribe by drinking their ceremonial liquor, made by the women chewing a starchy root and spitting it out into a trough. In *Burden of Dreams* we see Kinski stubbornly refusing to touch this concoction—and although the audience hooted at that, too, I couldn't help feeling that for once the poor man had a reason to mug.

So perhaps authenticity drove out verisimilitude, leaving us with a German Irishman ranting in German to German-speaking Peruvians. But the language has a certain rightness, because the whole enterprise of Herzog's filmmaking has a distinctly

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

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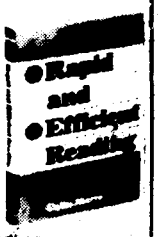

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Wagnerian flavor. And it's odd that neither Herzog nor his admirers ever mention Wagner, considering the extent of the debt.

Let me put it this way. If Wagner had been a film director, he too would have ignored the real, historical Fitzcarraldo—a practical rubber baron who dismantled his steamboat before hauling it, and hadn't a thought in his head of bringing opera to Peru. Wagner too would have insisted on using a steamboat ten times the actual size, and demanded from his workers and performers the ultimate labor and fortitude—even death—because the cause of art *requires* moving ships over mountains. And since Wagner's greatest accomplishments were not dramatic moments but massive concoctions of scenery and music, he would have overlooked the utter flatness of the characters in *Fitzcarraldo*, and considered the film justified by the extraordinary sequence showing a passenger steamboat the size of the Staten Island Ferry looming, slithering, and bumping its way down the Ucayali Rapids of Death, while Enrico Caruso's voice soars out through the horn of a windup Victrola.

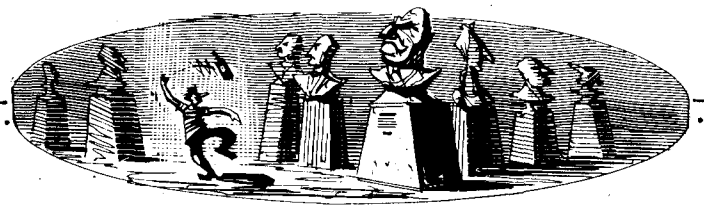
But there is more to Wagner than stupendous effects. There is also a philosophy—a grandiose conception of art as the only redeeming feature of an otherwise meaningless universe. These views are shared by Herzog, and to some degree by American audiences who look to film directors for spiritual guidance. But in *Burden of Dreams* Herzog blows it by revealing certain aspects of this philosophy which his American admirers would most vehemently reject.

A mechanistic view of nature, for example. Fitzcarraldo's dream of bringing opera to the jungle seems arbitrary to Americans: wild and crazy, like something Steve Martin would cook up. But for Herzog it is not arbitrary at all. He considers grand opera to be the pinnacle of creation, while the raw, teeming life of the jungle is the pits. "It's not beautiful," he says, glaring at the Sierra Club types in the front row. "It's hateful. Nothing but vileness and fornication. The trees here are in misery, the birds are in misery. They don't sing, they just screech in pain. Even the stars up here are a mess."

This sounds so outrageous that even the most humorless environmentalists snort with laughter. They can't believe Herzog is serious. But he is. His assumptions not only about nature but about the jungle's human inhabitants seem calculated to rub the average educated American the wrong way. In *Burden of Dreams* he extols the Indians as "people like lions," and deplores the "contamination" of their culture. But actions speak louder than words when he thinks nothing of transporting several hundred tribesmen miles away from their home villages and supplying them with prostitutes while they risk their lives in primitive hauling equipment in order to make a striking image for the folks at the Paris Theatre.

Also in *Burden of Dreams* we are told that Herzog got the Indians to work for him by promising to win them legal title to their land. Since there has been no subsequent mention of this, I assume it didn't work out—if indeed it was ever attempted. I must say that I doubt it was. If Herzog shares his American audience's twentieth-century cultural relativism, it is only up to a point. After that, he begins to look a lot more like his own nineteenth-century character: willing to sacrifice mere savages for the sake of a higher culture's high culture.

One need not be a radical anthropologist to appreciate the man's arrogance—which extends not only to Indianas but to his audience as well. "My dreams are the same as yours," he intones. "The only distinction between you and me is that I can articulate them." The steamboat on the rapids is really the only thrill in *Fitzcarraldo,* and if that is an example of Herzog's ability to articulate other people's dreams, then somebody should tell him that his expensive, arduous, dangerous means do not justify the end. □



EMINENTOES

MUSSOLINISMO

by Arnold Beichman

Some years ago I traveled on a junket to Italy to do a story on the Piaggio plant in Pontedera between Pisa and Florence. Piaggio had popularized the motor-scooter, a low-powered, two-wheeled vehicle which could carry two adults. I had driven one of their scooters around New York for several years as a way of beating urban problems like traffic, finding a taxi during rush-hour, and parking. (In tribute to its snarling motor, the machine was named "Vespa," which means wasp in Italian).

At the Piaggio plant, a dignified, elderly aeronautical engineer was introduced to me as the man who had "invented" the Vespa. What had inspired the aeronautical engineer? Well, after World War II, there was a desperate shortage of transportation in Italy. So Il Signore the Engineer looked about the Piaggio plant and saw thousands upon thousands of airplane nose-wheels stacked up against the factory walls. *What* nose-wheels? The engineer smiled and said that when Italy entered the war in 1940, Mussolini ordered Italian airplane factories to begin producing some astronomical number of aircraft each month. To Piaggio came the ukase and with it large supplies of rubber and steel—for the nose-wheels. The wheels began to come off the assembly line in vast quantities.

Due to circumstances beyond Mussolini's control, the number of airplanes manufactured never remotely exhausted the pile-up of nose-wheels. With the war over and people looking for ways of getting around, the Piaggio engineer came up with the idea that if you separated a pair of nose-wheels by a small two-cycle engine, fastened a seat in the middle and another over the engine, you'd have a cheap, small motorcycle which anyone could drive. The Vespa.

The story is typical of Mussolini's Italy, especially in the later years of his 23-year reign. Mussolini commanded but things rarely turned out the way he expected. The superb new biography of Mussolini by Denis Mack Smith* has a story similar to mine. Mussolini went down to impoverished Sicily where he laid the foundation stone of a new town that was to be the first of thousands, each with at least 10,000 inhabitants. The first town, on completion, would be called "Mussolinia." Lots of immediate publicity in the press, but nothing was heard of the project again.

And yet, despite all the weaknesses, the vanity and pomposity, the small-mindedness and vindictiveness of the Italian dictator, he managed somehow to create a minor economic miracle for Italy, something which Mack Smith glosses over. This minor economic miracle was quite real, in fact. As Professor A. James Gregor has noted, the economic performance of Italy during the Fascist era was remarkable since it encompassed "a steady rate of industrialization and economic modernization." Between 1922 and 1938, Fascist Italy had become "an economically mature society." It must be remembered that Italy entered the twentieth century with a narrow industrial base and lacked basic essentials for economic growth—fossil fuels and iron ore. By every index of economic growth, Fascist Italy went through sustained and substantial expansion.

Had Mussolini not been trapped by his arrogance and imperial ambitions, and had he stayed out of the war (as Franco did), Mussolini might today enjoy a posthumous reputation as respectable as the one Lenin enjoys among the Left.† →

Arnold Beichman is a political scientist who is currently Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution.

**Mussolini*. Alfred A. Knopf, $20.00.

†July 29, 1983 will be the centenary of Mussolini's birth. There will be no celebration of that event as there was of Lenin's centenary in 1970.

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How he managed to achieve as much as he did, including the reputation for statesmanship of high order, is still a mystery. It certainly has little to do with the doctrine of "fascism," a word whose origins have no political or social connotation. It comes from the Latin word, *fascio,* for "bundle," and has to do with the Roman Empire. "Fascism" somehow became an ideology that has yet to be defined in any acceptable fashion. For Mussolini, it was never much of an ideology. In 1921 he ordered the party intellectuals to produce, as Mack Smith writes, "a satisfactory 'philosophy of fascism,' " which, of course, they never did. Political scientists of all shades (except, of course, Marxists, to whom capitalism is the first stage of fascism) have virtually concluded that fascism is undefinable, unlike Communism, socialism, syndicalism, or anarchism. There was the cult of "ducismo" (Mussolini liked to be addressed as DUCE, and in the Italian press it was usually all capitals) or "mussolinismo" but these expressions never caught on.

Perhaps the key to understanding Mussolini is that he was the first twentieth-century intellectual in politics to reach the top and, as much as any human being ever can, to achieve total power over a nation-state. Lenin, by contrast, was no intellectual but rather a man dedicated exclusively to the seizure of power. Though powerfully influenced by ideas, Lenin didn't really care about them apart from their utility in furthering his undisputed power in the revolutionary movement before 1917 and, later, in the revolutionary regime itself. Lenin did not concern himself with music, art, literature, philosophy except insofar as they might interfere with his maintenance and extension of Bolshevik power.

Mussolini, on the other hand, was the twentieth-century intellectual *par excellence*, undisciplined, unpredictable, autodidactic, always searching for the new and for any idea that would bring him to the top. Between 1901 and 1914 he had already published a good deal—a strongly anti-clerical novel with a lecherous cardinal which was translated into several languages; a novella; a serious sociological study; a polemical, anti-clerical booklet about John Huss; numerous book reviews from Russian novelists to writers like Michels; translations from French and German of articles by Kautsky, Liebknecht, and Kropotkin. In many articles he quoted extensively from the works of Marx and Engels. As a newspaper editor, he doubled the circulation of a weak Socialist daily.

Mack Smith describes him as "an intellectual poseur and cultural exhibitionist" but if not more than that surely he was better than that, at least until he began his march on Rome. Mussolini was so proud of his German (which conversationally was poor) that he refused to allow an interpreter in the room whenever he met with Adolf Hitler. The result of that bit of ego-display is that he frequently didn't know for sure to what policies Hitler had committed him.

In power, Mussolini sought to demonstrate to the world that his indefinable doctrine was part of a European intellectual tradition—the full implications of which were not made visible until the era of revolutionary tyrannies. Fichte dreamed of a "Republic of the Germans" in which every man from the age of 20 until death would be a soldier. Hegel argued in *The Philosophy of Right* that "one must worship the state as a terrestrial divinity." And, of course, there was Nietzsche, who, said Mussolini, filled him with a "spiritual eroticism" and from whom he took the slogan "live dangerously." Benedetto Croce in the early days of Mussolini supported him although he later withdrew that support. Heidegger and Spengler supported Hitler, and think of how many philosophical pilgrims supported Lenin and Stalin.

While Mack Smith finds Mussolini becoming by 1939 "frenzied and irrational" and even more contemptible than ever, another recent study of Mussolini takes an entirely different view of this complex man.‡ For MacGregor Knox, Mussolini was far more than a clown, bluffer, or mere journalist. Knox argues that Mussolini's imperialist aims were "consistent in nature, massive in scope and pursued with tenacity within the limits Italy's military and economic weaknesses imposed." While some of Mussolini's wild and impetuous decisions certainly compassed his own downfall, there appears to have been far more rational calculation in him than Mack Smith allows.

So here you have a doctrine whose legacy is a doctrine nobody can properly define without turning it into a synonym for Communism.** In fact, fascism is now regarded by Soviet writers, in a major piece of revisionism, as progressive rather than reactionary, according to A. James Gregor. For example, in 1965 the Soviet theoretician, Boris Lopukhov, repudiated the Stalinist description of fascism—"the terrorist tool of finance-capitalism"—as a "caricature" of the actual historical process. And by 1970, what had been the standard Soviet interpretation of fascism had changed drastically. Fascism was not a capitalist conspiracy, said Alexander Galkin of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, nor was it a typical expression of bourgeois politics. Galkin argued that fascism arose "spontaneously" under crisis conditions, "eroded" the foundations of "bourgeois democracy," built up and improved the economic infrastructure of Italy, and for a while provided an "increased degree of vertical social mobility." This revisionist view of fascism was also found in Eastern Europe, according to Gregor. He cites a 1972 article by Mihaly Vajda of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences who described Italian fascism as the "only progressive solution" to Italy's economic problems.

The great political con game of the 1920s and 1930s, a Stalinist triumph, was the cock-and-bull story that fascism and Communism were morally different; that Communism had been sent down from heaven to protect us from the fascists, a role which therefore justified Stalinism to Western liberal gulls; that Communism was left progressive and fascism right regressive when, in actual fact, Communism, as Don Luigi Sturzo put it in 1926, was left-wing fascism and fascism was right-wing Communism. Western liberal gulls should see, thanks to Soviet revisionist theories about fascism, that Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin were informed by the same Leninist heritage—Lenin's great invention, the totalitarian mass party which, as the prosthetic god of the century, made everything permissible including torture and terror, anti-Semitism and slave labor.

Mack Smith's biography shows that Mussolini wasn't quite as awful as his peers, but that was only because he was an insecure and an unreliable intellectual. Mussolini somehow couldn't bring himself to strive for immortality, of the kind that came naturally to monsters like Hitler and Stalin, neither of whom had to suffer a disgraceful death like Mussolini. You almost feel sorry for the poor bastard. □

‡MacGregor Knox, *Mussolini Unleashed, 1939-1941.* Cambridge University Press, $29.50.

**Adolf Hitler once said: "There is more that binds us to Bolshevism than separates us from it. There is, above all, genuine revolutionary feeling, which is alive everywhere except where there are Jewish Marxists. I have always made allowance for this circumstance, and given orders that former Communists are to be admitted to the party at once. The *petit bourgeois* Social Democrat and the trade-union boss will never make a National Socialist, but the Communist always will." In Herman Rauschning, *The Voice of Destruction* (Putnam, 1940), p. 131.

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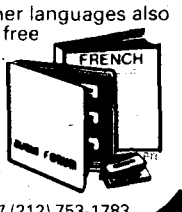

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Campus Conservatism

Kudos, yet again, to Dinesh D'Souza, this time for "A Conservative Paper Chase" (*TAS*, October 1982), that lively and accurate (e.g., "John Kenneth Galbraith, the local pest") account of the resurgence in conservative campus publishing. Still, if anything, I would suggest that the battle-proved D'Souza was a bit restrained in his description of this welcome development.

Our offices, too, have been receiving queries from campuses for advice in starting literary (not to mention literate) alternatives to usual cat-box filler passed off as a campus paper, queries with which we are pleased to assist. Indeed, the Institute's own *Campus Report*, which for many years has been the only nationally distributed forum for conservative campus reporting, is being supplemented this fall by the new *Western Reporter*.

We could, moreover, point to the rise of academically supported publications aimed at both campus and community: *Chronicles of Culture* from Illinois, *The Conservative Historians' Forum* in Philadelphia, *The Dawson Newsletter* of St. Louis, or *Common Faith* from Virginia; all striving vigorously, and successfully, to restore some sense and order to the print media.

Articles like D'Souza's do more than merely relate the fact of a revival in conservative campus publishing; they send an encouraging "Yes, it *can* be done" to those others still waiting in the wings.

—Edward N. Peters, Esq.
Western Director
Intercollegiate Studies Institute
Claremont, California

Mr. D'Souza, in his October 1982 article about "A Conservative Paper Chase," makes one less-than-slight inaccuracy. He claims that a paper is "in the works" at Wesleyan. In fact, the *Wesleyan Review* (published by the Wesleyan College Republicans) appeared three times during the 1981-2 school year, and hopes to increase that output this year; we are not in the works, but instead have come through them.

—Mike Lewyn
Associate Editor
The Wesleyan Review
Middletown, Connecticut

Next time, please get your facts right. I am the "mole" mentioned in your apologia for conservative college newspapers in the October issue. The fact of the matter is that I was not sent by the dreaded Institute for Policy Studies to spy on your conference. I was sent by the *Nation*. If you had contacted me, I would have been happy to straighten this out for you. I infiltrated your delightful gathering in order to assist Fran Shumer, the freelance writer who took the conservative student papers to task in the pages of the *Nation*. But after having been made privy to the workings of the conservative mind, I walked away with so many delicious tidbits that I just had to write my own story, which I sold to *In These Times*. I hope this clears things up.

Now, as far as Dinesh D'Souza's honesty is concerned, I'd like to say that at the luncheon at the conference I sat at the same table as he did. He was quite jolly and quite proud of the fact that the blacks and women on the Dartmouth campus were so enraged at his paper. Anyway, it seems that there was a bit of controversy and the *Review* was accused of illegally using alumni mailing lists. Officially, the *Review* denied the charges. But at the lunch, D'Souza took delight in revealing that his paper had indeed made illegal use of the mailing list. "Let them sue," he chortled. "They can't prove anything." Well, if D'Souza's intellectual rigor and journalistic ethics are in the same league as his contempt for the law (as well as the notion of private property), then I don't think the Left has much to worry about. Eventually, he'll get caught with his fingers in the wrong cookie jar. I imagine, though, that the boys at *The American Spectator* are rather proud of young Dinesh's ingenuity. After all, it's all in good fun, isn't it? *—David Corn*
New York, New York

Dinesh D'Souza replies:
Like the phone book, Dartmouth's *Alumni Guide* is a list of addresses and phone numbers. It is published and publicly circulated by the Dartmouth administration for the purpose of facilitating communication with and among alumni. So it is perfectly legal for the *Dartmouth Review*—or anyone else—to secure alumni addresses from this book. Our attorneys tell us that copyright violation, which Dartmouth hints we are guilty of, entails publishing another *Alumni Guide*, not using the one made available by Dartmouth; legal interpretations to the contrary may be introduced in court.

Speaking of ethics, what was David Corn doing masquerading as a conservative planning to start a student paper, and reporting (distorting really) private conversations, at the IEA Conference?

Good Writer Norman

My glass is raised to Geoffrey Norman ("Seasick," *TAS*, November 1982). I enjoy his column regularly in *Esquire* (which, incidentally, arrives on the same day of the month as the *Spectator*) but had heretofore not appreciated his impish sense of humor. His primer on good yachtsmanship and network derring-do was bracing, like the seaspray that comes off whitecaps. He left NBC in irons.

—David Turner
Atlanta, Georgia

Give us more of Geoffrey Norman. This man knows how to write.

—T.B. Trepagnier, M.D.
Guadalajara, Mexico

The Army Is Older

I am not ordinarily one to take issue with the learned figures who contribute to your magazine, but this time—as a loyal soldier, and one who is stuck on the facts—I must.

While William McGurn's tribute to the Marine Corps ("*Semper Fidelis*," *TAS*, November 1982) is stirring, and while the Marines are certainly an illustrious fighting force, they are hardly the oldest in the country. In fact, they are relative newcomers.

The United States Army is *the* senior service, with its "birthday" generally recognized as having oc-

(*continued on page 40*)

The Chesterton Review

Special issues:

ERIC GILL, November, 1982
- **G.K. Chesterton**, "Essays on Gill."
- **Sir John Rothenstein**, "Some Recollections of Eric Gill."
- **Brocard Sewell**, "Aspects of Eric Gill."
- **Mary Ellen Evans**, "Eric Gill, A Man Out of Balance."
- **J.M. Purcell**, "Eric Gill as a Polemicist."
- Illustrations of Gill's art.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, May, 1983

This issue is edited by Christina Scott, Dawson's daughter, and the author of the new Dawson biography.

Among the contributors are:
- **Chauncey Stillman**, the founder of the Chair of Roman Catholic Studies at Harvard University of which Dawson was the first occupant.
- **John J. Mulloy**, who has edited, among other books, *The Dynamics of World History*, and who was in close touch with Christopher Dawson during Dawson's stay in America.
- **Bruno Schlesinger**, a close friend of Christopher Dawson and Chairman of the Lilly Foundation for Christian Culture at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana.
- **J. Ambrose Raftis, C.S.B.**, the President of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto.
- **Neville Braybrooke**, a well-known English author and editor.
- **E.J. Oliver**, biographer, novelist and literary critic.

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BOOK REVIEWS

ATLANTIC HIGH

William F. Buckley, Jr. / Doubleday / $22.50

Luigi Barzini

To dedicate one thick book to one Atlantic crossing on a sailboat with guests and crew is, for many reasons, a foolhardy enterprise. To dedicate two books to two similar crossings, as William F. Buckley, Jr. has done (*Airborne* and now *Atlantic High*), is downright temerarious. This is because there is practically nothing much to write about a long and well-organized sea voyage on a capacious yacht. That Buckley has managed to do it and to do it very well deserves high praise indeed.

There are many reasons why such literary efforts are forbidding. The first is the lack of suspense. Evidently the author has survived the ordeal, otherwise he wouldn't have been able to write what we read. You have the same reassuring sensation as when, watching an adventure film, you see the most expensive star risk his life in the first reel. You know nothing can happen to him that early. The second difficulty is that such crossings are boring for everybody except fanatic lovers of sailing cruises, like Buckley and me. Such voyages are, for most people, like war, long stretches of boredom interrupted by short intervals of drama and nail-biting worry, if not outright danger.

The conversation on good days is usually centered on what might be eaten at lunch or dinner and with what wine. Everybody who is not in charge lolls about and reads cheap thrillers. The fanatics milk the radio all day for weather reports, or pinpoint the boat's position on the chart with the help of all the necessary instruments, traditional or electronic. The incidents that can be written up on the logbook and recalled in tranquillity in later months are usually small matters, difficult to explain to the uninitiated.

There are seldom typhoons to describe. With a good knowledge of the meteorological conditions ahead they can usually be avoided. Nor are there long doldrums to survive (during which the sailors of old built miniature clippers inside bottles or braided lines into small bathroom mats). The engine takes care of the windless days.

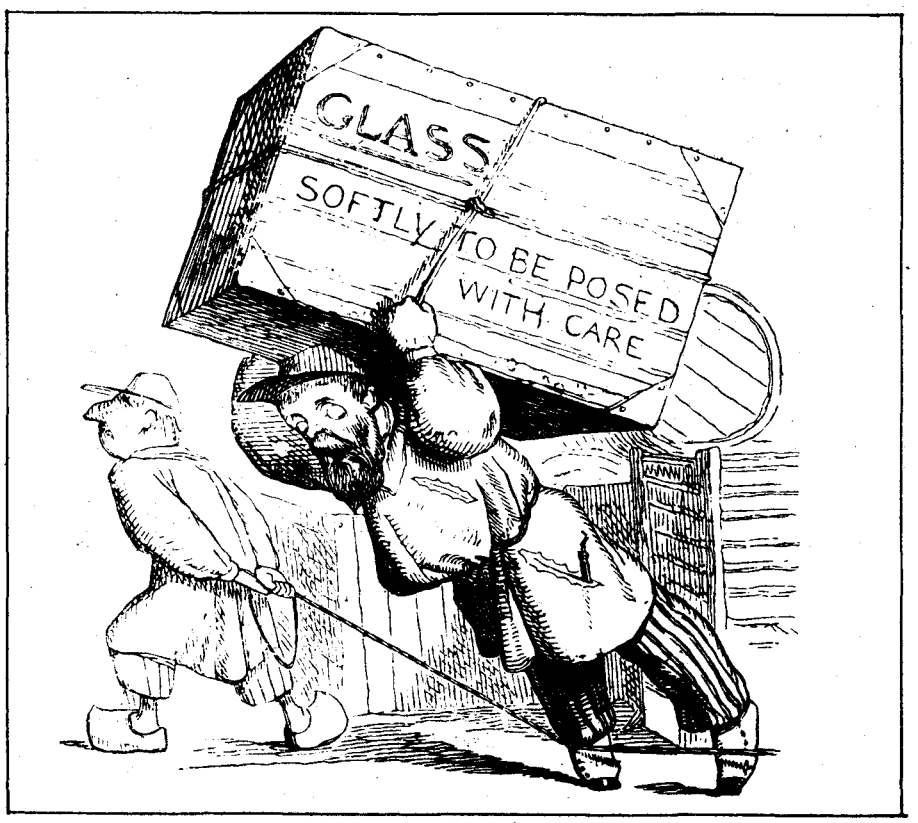
Luigi Barzini, the distinguished Italian journalist, is author of The Italians. *His latest book,* The Europeans, *will be published this year by Simon and Schuster.*

There is also a limit to possible descriptions of the open sea. Buckley himself admits that it is almost everywhere the same. He writes: "A scene of a sailboat between the Azores and Gibraltar would, *coeteris paribus*, be identical with a scene of a sailboaf in Block Island Sound or between Tasmania and New Zealand."

The principal difficulty for a writer is the practical impossibility to communicate by cold words on paper the ineffable beatitude sailing imparts to the aficionado. There is, for instance, the ecstatic moment when a good breeze rises. You recognize it from far away from the different color of the sea. It hits the sails and fills them. The boat lists against the water and gradually takes on speed. The engine is then turned off. Sudden deafening silence envelops the boat, broken only by the sound of water rushing by, what the French onomatopoetically call *clapotis*.

Or there is the sudden storm. You see it coming (a dark wall of clouds on the horizon). Everybody, wearing yellow slickers, comes on deck to tie reefs and shorten the mainsail. Hatches are tightly shut. You hold the wheel bravely, waiting for the impact. If the boat is your own (which was not the case of the *Sealestial*, on which Buckley made his second crossing) and not very new, you pass in mental review all the vital parts which you had carefully checked or replaced during the winter, to reassure yourself.

There are few of them, the stays that really absorb the force of the wind, the spots where the stays are attached to the body of the boat, the metal plate under the floors on which the lead keel is secured with nuts and bolts. To sail away across the Ocean on somebody else's boat, owned furthermore by a man one does not know at all well and who lives far from the sea (in Detroit, as was the case of the owner of the *Sealestial*), on a boat one has not examined inside and out in a boatyard, is a very courageous enterprise, almost a gamble.



It is also practically impossible to convey the immense pleasure of such long distance voyages or cruises to a layman. If you try, he looks at you as if you were mad. For it consists of this: the passionate anxiety to reach port when one is out at sea and the passionate anxiety to go out to sea when one is in port. There are days and days when one endures the lack of many elementary comforts. There is little fresh water. The bunks are narrow and hard, the intimacy with other people, their habits and mannerisms increasingly irritating, the menus forcedly monotonous (although Buckley is believed to manage gastronomic feats and a choice of the world's best wines on his voyages).

Then you reach a port. The boat is still. No danger is lurking. You go to a luxury hotel, to bask in the momentary solitude, enjoy a hot bath, a few wonderful meals with fresh vegetables and fruit, a wide and comfortable bed. Your companions become once more *simpatici*. Your clothes and the boat's sheets, towels, tablecloths, and napkins are laundered. Tanks are filled with fresh water and fuel. Little repairs are done. The stores of food and wine are replenished.

But, after a few days, you become impatient, and want to get on with the job, get out of the pestiferous little tourist town, and sail away toward one's goal. You long to be once again surrounded by water, facing the incertitude of every hour. Oh, the precious moment when, in the darkness of the night, you finally sight a distant lighthouse and, checking in the books, find it is the proper one, the one you were aiming at and not another, and that you have not made a mistake charting the course and currents have not made your boat drift too far.

Buckley has managed to convey the charm of the crossing in *Atlantic High* so effectively that landlubbers might be enticed to try the expe-

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rience. He went from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands via Bermuda and the Azores to Marbella in southern Spain, in June 1980 on a 71-foot ketch. He had gathered a group of companions, young and middle-aged, all of them agreeable. He asked each one to keep a diary and the excerpts from each, which he selected and incorporated in his personal narrative, make enticing reading. He also gives brief character sketches of each friend.

Nothing much happened during the voyage, thank God, and Buckley was not obliged to force on the reader a series of incomprehensible mishaps explained in sailor's jargon. The most adventurous moments were caused by his irrepressible progressivism, his American trust in improved gadgets that went often out of whack and seldom delivered what the ads and instruction books promised. But he is enough of an old-fashioned sailor to make do, in a pinch, very well if reluctantly, with ancient and well-tried instruments, those most non-Americans still use.

The technical moments of difficulty do not take up many pages. The book is filled with witticisms, bits of fascinating conversation, reflections, memories of other voyages, anecdotes, and souvenirs of life on land. Since Buckley has had a rich and many faceted life, his store of memories and experiences is vast, the number of interesting friends extensive, his expertise in many field enviable and unique (music, politics, painting, skiing, Catholic theology, wines, food, debating techniques), the result is a book that anyone can read from cover to cover with pleasure. □

MONSIGNOR QUIXOTE

Graham Greene / Simon and Schuster / $12.95

John P. Sisk

At the end of his excellent *Ways of Escape* Graham Greene writes that having finished *The Human Factor* he assumed, as he had assumed twenty years before after finishing *The Burnt-Out Case*, that his novel-writing days were over. Fortunately, both assumptions were premature. On Christmas Day in Switzerland, at age 75, *Dr. Fischer of Geneva* came without warning into his mind, and now at age 78 he has given us this delightful new novel—as if in proof of his own words: "a writer's imagination, like the body, fights against all reason against death."

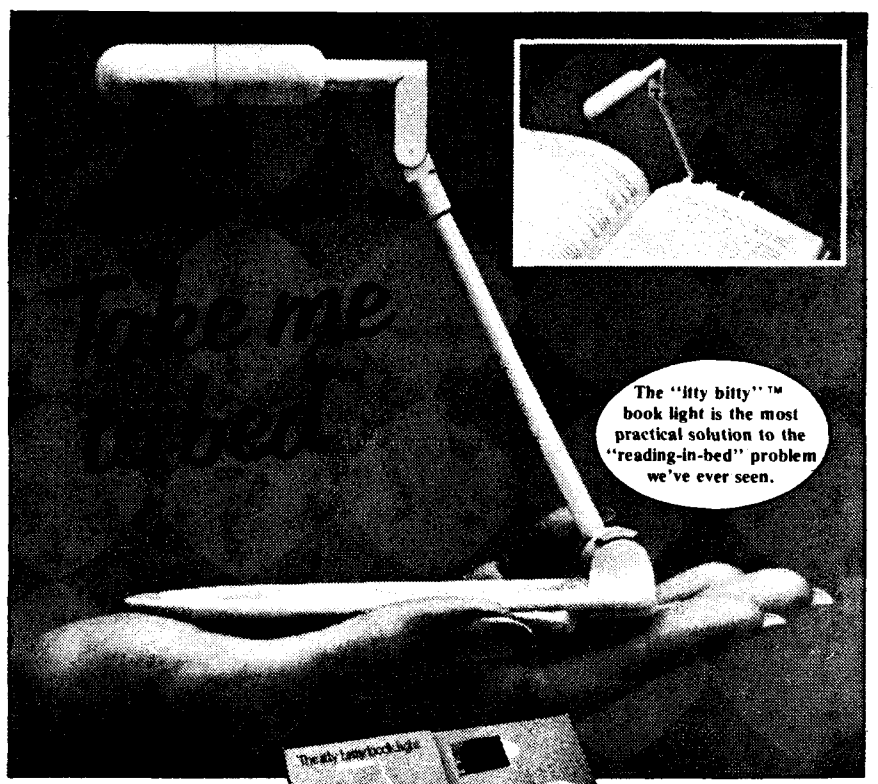
Monsignor Quixote has in common with Greene's third novel, *Rumour at Nightfall*, a setting in Spain. That first Spanish novel (no longer listed among his published works) was based on a teen-ager's one-day acquaintance with the country; this second one has that intimate sense of place we long ago came to associate with Greene's fiction. As its title suggests, it also has connections with Cervantes's masterpiece. It would be an oversimplification to say that it is a witty replay of *Don Quixote* in contemporary terms, as if it belongs with the late twentieth-century literature of exhaustion that uses parody in a more or less successful effort to hide poverty of imagination. It is, nevertheless, in analogy with *Don Quixote*; one might even say that it is a Midrash-type commentary on a primary text, designed to make available to subsequent readers meanings of crucial importance. One of its side effects is to make you want to reread that text, preferably in the Cohen translation, which is the one Greene favors.

The hero of the novel begins as Father Quixote, pastor of a poor parish in El Toboso and descendant of a fictional character in a novel that, his unsympathetic bishop says scornfully, would not have passed the censor in the days of Franco. He comes to the aid of a stranded Italian bishop who, impressed with the simple priest's combination of goodness and practical ability, not only directs him to "go forth like your ancestor Don Quixote on the high roads of the world" but sees to it that he is properly knighted for the excursion (and at the same time overqualified for further service in his beloved parish) by causing him to be commissioned a monsignor. His Sancho is the former Communist mayor of El Toboso, recently voted out of office by the forces of the Right. They embark on their adventures in the Monsignor's Rocinante, an ancient and not too reliable Seat 600, taking with them a supply of the local wine and their books of chivalry. For the Monsignor this means Saint John of the Cross, Saint Teresa of Avila, Saint Francis de Sales, and the German moral theologian Father Heribert Jone; for the Mayor it means Marx and Lenin.

As the two friends proceed on their way arguing about their respective faiths, their quixotic conduct quickly attracts the attention of the police. In the Valley of the Fallen they visit the tomb of Franco and in Salamanca the tomb of Unamuno, the Mayor's old teacher who still haunts his memory. To elude the police they overnight in a Salamanca bawdyhouse where the Monsignor reads *The Communist Manifesto*, finding therein an unexpectedly usable Marx. While Rocinante is being repaired, they attend a movie which the Monsignor expects to be religious but which turns out to be pornographic. They fall in with a robber who steals the Monsignor's shoes and forces them to drive him to his destination. Inevitably the Monsignor is apprehended by order of his disturbed bishop, taken back to El Toboso, confined in quarters as a madman, and forbidden to say Mass. Before long he escapes with the Mayor for a briefer second excursion in Rocinante. This time he is wounded as he attempts to disrupt a desecratory festival for the Virgin, after which, pursued by the police, the two of them speed off precariously to the haven of a Trappist monastery. An ensuing accident leaves the Monsignor mortally wounded and out of his mind. In this condition he rejoins his great ancestor after celebrating an imaginary Latin Mass during which the Mayor receives an imaginary Host.

In his Prologue to *Don Quixote*, Cervantes represents himself as uncertain how to tell his story until a

John P. Sisk is Arnold Professor of the Humanities at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington.



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friend advises him: "You have only to see that your sentences shall come out plain, in expressive, sober and well-ordered language, harmonious and gay, expressing your purpose to the best of your ability, and setting out your ideas without intricacies and obscurities." Greene might be said to have followed this excellent advice as he demonstrates once more why V.S. Pritchett has called him "the most ingenious, inventive and exciting of our novelists." Here the ingeniousness in combination with the well-ordered language centers on the relation between faith and doubt, between reality and fiction, and inevitably on the problem of windmills. "It was only by tilting at windmills that Don Quixote found the truth on his deathbed," the Italian bishop says after he has given Father Quixote his commission to go forth on the high roads of the world.

The wittily managed argument between Christian and Marxist is itself a contention between antagonists, each of whom believes the other a tilter at windmills. The Mayor with his certainties has the best of it to begin with, but the advantage gradually shifts to the Monsignor, the turning point being perhaps the night in the bawdy-house, during which, while the Mayor is tilting against the windmill of sex, the Monsignor tilts against Marx and comes out a winner (but not before he has mistaken a condom for a toy balloon). Everywhere, of course, the fine comedy of the story depends on misinterpretation of information, nowhere more significantly than in the suspicions of the Monsignor's bishop and his replacement, Father Herrera: the Monsignor is a windmill they mistake for a giant against whom they tilt in vain.

The Italian bishop's position is central: if you want the truth you must be willing to run the risk of the windmills. The Monsignor's bishop, Father Herrera, and for a long time the Mayor, do not in their own minds run this risk (though in fact they are vigorous tilters) because they have no doubt. But as the Monsignor tells the Mayor, "No doubt. No faith." How is it, he wonders, sounding as if *he* is the one who has gone to school to Unamuno, "that when I speak of belief, I become aware always of a shadow of disbelief haunting my belief?" Later he confesses, "I am riddled by doubts...but doubt is not treachery, as you Communists seem to think. Doubt is human."

Because he is riddled by doubts Monsignor Quixote sometimes envies those who, like his bishop and the moral theologian Father Jone, "were able to lay down clear rules." Such people, of course, tend to place little value on fiction. The bishop disdains not only Cervantes's novel but novels in general. That we may all be fictions in the mind of God, as the Italian bishop suggests, or that fact and fiction are difficult to distinguish, as the Trappist Father Leopoldo says at the end, would be heretical nonsense to him. He does not belong in the congregation at that high point in the story when the dying Monsignor, in saying his apparently imaginary Mass, closes the gap between the fictive and the real.

And where in the end does this leave the Communist Mayor, who, as Father Leopoldo tells him, received the Host at that Mass, at least in the mind of the celebrant? He prefers, even needs, to believe that there was no Host, for to have doubts about that, he thinks, "is to lose the freedom of action." A real Host means mystery and, as he tells the Trappist, "I prefer Marx to mystery." But he has learned to love the Monsignor, and the legacy of that love is what we may take to be a state of doubt sufficiently healthy to merit the approval of his old teacher, Unamuno.

As for the author, he can expect to be irritated once more by those readers who, as he puts it in *Ways of Escape*, confuse "the functions of a novelist and the functions of a moral teacher or theologian." The irritation is understandable, but so is the confusion if you believe that really good fiction cannot help being, in the late John Gardner's sense of the term, moral fiction. *Monsignor Quixote* is morally very earnest indeed about the priority that must be given to a fideistic approach to truth. What else would one expect when its author himself professes to be a dweller in the tragicomic region of La Mancha? □

WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD!
AMERICAN LIFE IN THE FIFTIES

Jeffrey Hart / Crown Publishers / $15.95

Karl O'Lessker

There may be no stronger testimony to the influence of liberal "communicators" than the present dismal reputation of the 1950s. That was preeminently the decade—as everyone knows—of blind conformity and savage McCarthyism: dull yet scary; stagnant yet teetering on the brink of fascism; redeemed if at all only by the rebels with or without a cause. By any measure a very ugly scene.

At the time this review appears in print I shall be teetering on the brink of my 54th birthday, which means that my legal adulthood arrived almost exactly with the advent of the fifties. So it is a decade I remember well and am in a fair position to evaluate. And like Jeffrey Hart, the author of this engaging new book on "American Life in the Fifties" (that is its subtitle), I saw and remember it as vastly different from what its present reputation would indicate.

What makes this conjunction of views more noteworthy than it might at first appear is that while Mr. Hart was a committed conservative even then, I was a fully accredited left-liberal (or as the late great Northwestern University professor William Montgomery McGovern used to call me in those days, an "Eastern pinko internationalist"). By all rights, then, I should have experienced the decade as it is currently portrayed by people who now hold views I have long since abandoned.

But I didn't. On the contrary, I thought it was a wonderfully exciting era, not only for me personally but for culture and politics as well. One of the many virtues of Mr. Hart's book is that he shows why it was so and why intelligent people of diverse cultural and political interests should have found it to be so.

Recall some of the people who flourished in the fifties: in painting and art criticism, Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Rauschenberg, Harold Rosenberg, Clement Greenberg, Hilton Kramer; in writing, J.D. Salinger, James

Karl O'Lessker, our aging senior editor, is professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University.

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Jones, Herman Wouk, Vladimir Nabokov, James Gould Cozzens, Saul Bellow, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Lionel Trilling; in jazz, Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Thelonius Monk, Art Tatum, Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Dull? Conformist? The fifties were bursting with creativity (for better or worse) in just about every field of popular and highbrow culture. So the indictment must rest on other grounds. Would anyone care to guess . . . politics?

Well of course that was the Eisenhower decade and everyone "knows" what a dull, mean-spirited old stick he was: Hoover with a grin. It wasn't only his golfing with all those corporation types, it was the people he had around him: Secretary of State Dulles, for example, and *Vice President Nixon!* And twice the American people in their mindlessness chose him over the premier egghead of our time, Adlai Stevenson. Little wonder that the liberal intelligentsia regarded Eisenhower with a loathing that stopped just short of horror. Little wonder they have stigmatized the entire decade as hopeless.

Mr. Hart will have none of that. Quite apart from his own admiration, then as now, for Eisenhower, he succeeds in making an unassailable case for the cultural and intellectual vitality of the fifties. Not only does he write thoughtfully about all those (except the jazzmen) whose names I mentioned earlier; he includes in the discussion major figures from the worlds of sport and pop music as well. It is an impressive list, and an impressive performance on the author's part.

But for all its many virtues, this is in some respects a flawed and self-indulgent book. The faults start with the title. I confess to being baffled by Hart's use of the exclamation point in *When the Going Was Good!* It reminds me of nothing so much as those unsuccessful Broadway musicals (e.g., *Fiorello!*) which try to compensate for lack of excitement on the stage by punctuational enthusiasm in the title.

And there are occasional errors of fact or usage that stir doubts in the sympathetic reader's mind. In correct baseball parlance, for example, a pitcher is most certainly not "in the catbird seat" when the count on a batter is 2 and 0 but rather when it is 0 and 2. Far better that one who presumes to write about baseball split every infinitive in sight and leave modifiers dangling from every sentence than that he commit that sort of error.

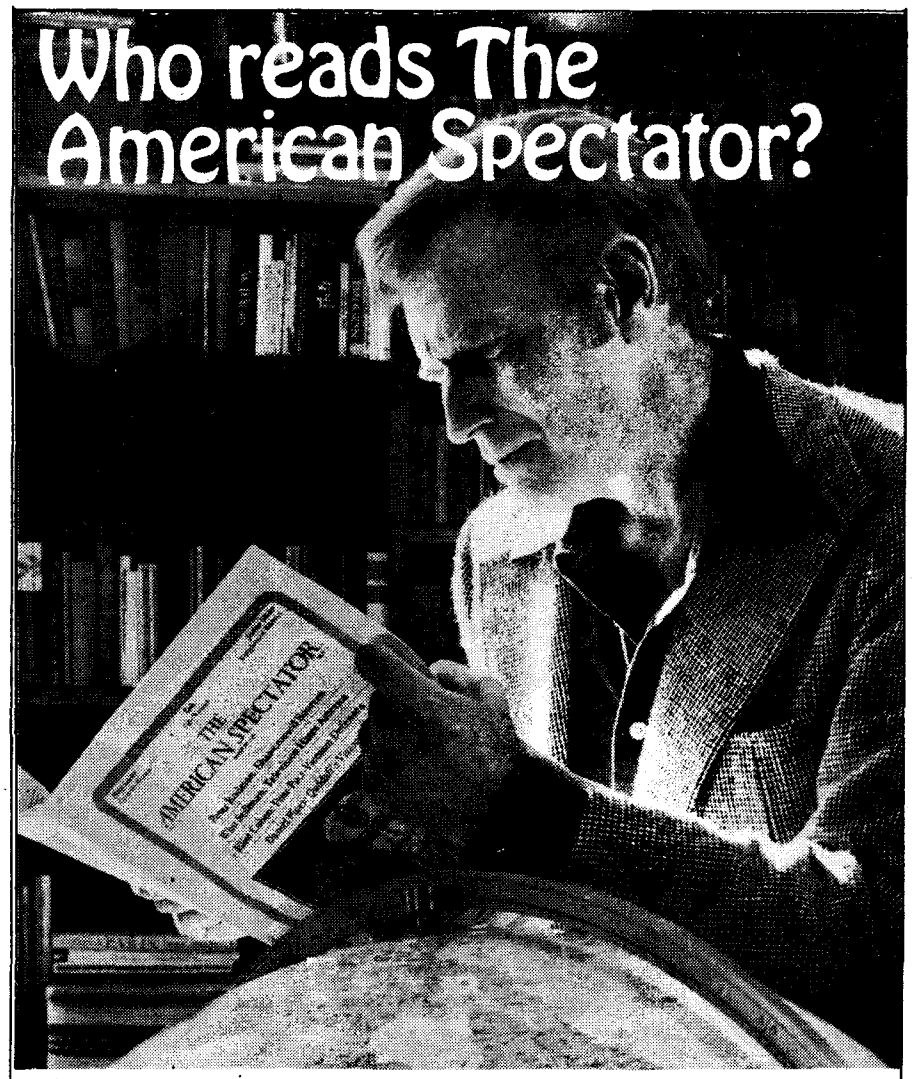
More importantly, I am at a loss to understand what Mr. Hart's speechwriting activites on behalf of Ronald Reagan in the late sixties and Richard Nixon in the late sixties and early seventies have to do with a book about life in the fifties. His own explanation for including them consists of one sentence: "An understanding of the politics of the fifties requires that we put them within a time frame of what came before and what went after."

That simply won't do. By no stretch of historical logic does a handful of anecdotes from the late sixties and beyond help us to an "understanding of the politics of the Fifties." Interesting as they are in their own right, in the context of this book they are nothing more than a self-indulgence.

Most importantly, I find it incomprehensible that one would write an entire book about American life in the fifties and not even mention the great civil rights revolution that began in that decade. From the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision in 1954 through the lunch counter sit-ins, Eisenhower's sending of troops to Little Rock in 1957 and the Civil Rights Act of that same year, the fifties were incontestably the most important period in civil rights since Reconstruction. And it is at least arguable (I would myself put it much higher than that) that, in terms of social history, which is after all what the book professes to be, the civil rights revolution has had the most dramatic impact on American life of anything that occurred in the post-World War II era.

But Hart hasn't a word to say about it, save for a couple of pages about Jackie Robinson in the chapter on baseball. His explanation for this extraordinary omission, vouchsafed in an interview I read somewhere, is that the civil rights revolution *really* occurred during the war, thus needed no discussion in a book on the fifties. This is so preposterous an assertion, and Hart so intelligent a man, that I can only conclude he just didn't want to be bothered with the subject and came up with this as a post facto excuse.

Those failings to the side, the book is full of pleasures and rewards. Hart makes particularly effective use of a literary device I normally dislike—mini-chapters interpolated into the text at odd moments. Called here "The Camera Eye," they include sketches or snapshots of, among others, Frank Sinatra at the White House, Nixon recounting an anecdote about the late Senator Estes Kefau-



Charlton Heston

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ver, Paul Fussell reflecting on the Hiroshima bomb, William Buckley debating James Wechsler. Each is lively and entertaining and together they add valuable texture to the book.

In sum, Professor Hart has written a graceful tribute to the fifties, a decade that has been ill-used and badly misunderstood by ideologues and ignoramuses. If in the end the book is no more than that, if it fails to rise above the level of an eloquent toast to a bygone and better day, it is at the very least great fun to read. And because it will have to be taken into account by more ambitious social historians yet to come, it may turn out to be influential as well. □

COURIER FROM WARSAW

Jan Nowak / Wayne State University Press / $24.95

Roger Kaplan

There are those who claim that World War II never ended; or that it blended right into World War III, with the West choosing, for better or for worse, an essentially defensive strategy. These are geopolitical semantics: we are at war, deny it as we may try to; our side—Israel, to take a recent example—wins one, we try very hard to reverse the gain, all the while apologizing profusely for our ally's immaturity and thereby inviting the continuation of international disorder. Or our side loses one—South Vietnam, let us not forget it—we do our best to explain it was all a mistake to begin with and let's make up and be friends now, only it turns out the other side is busy even as we say it proving that what we are now calling a mistake was an all-too-accurate analysis of the . . . historical situation.

There are those who believe all this ineptitude, this willful blindness, these self-inflicted handicaps, this knee-jerk goo-gooism in international affairs is all due to a sinister concoction of forces gathered for the most part in the elite clubs of the Eastern seaboard: foolish politicians and recklessly irresponsible journalists combining in morbid shortsightedness with pusillanimous mediocrities in the civil service, backed up and confused at the same time by a bored and hopelessly alienated intelligentsia, proving that when the Founders wrote of the "common defense" they knew not what some day the nation would get.

I do not believe it. There is nothing going on that Henry Adams had not already noticed in the manner our political class behaves, there is nothing wrong with our intellectuals that James Burnham and Whittaker Chambers had not already diagnosed, and our foreign policy is largely as Tocqueville said it would be; for all that, at any rate, we are doing pretty well. It is probably a mistake to say that "something happened" around "1968" or "thelatesixties" as it is now pronounced, that wrecked the national will to make this the American Century. For the will was probably never there, and the correct American foreign policy—correct in the sense of being in tune with what the nation is willing to commit itself to abroad—is a splendid isolation combined with a willingness to pursue and destroy international pirates without recourse to any more entangling alliances than are necessary to the task at hand.

This has nothing or very little to do with the recent appearance of an enormously significant book, Jan Nowak's *Courier From Warsaw*. Or perhaps it has a lot to do with it. For what, to us Americans, is Poland? Hamtramck and Stanislawowo, if you are from Detroit or Chicago. A land under the Communist fist. A doomed, perpetually heroic nation, in the plain lying tragically between Teuton and Rus.

For Poland, World War II never ended. This is not a question of semantics at all. Poland was the hot center, the kernel and the acorn, of resistance against the brown plague; hardly missing a beat, it stepped to the front of the resistance against the red one. We rather vaguely speak of a region called Eastern Europe, but Poles have been dying since 1939 for what is left, alas, of the idea of the Occident.

This is the enormous, the momentous, the burning significance of Jan Nowak's war memoir, which culminates in the Warsaw Rising of 1944, when the Communist armies stopped their advance on the banks of the Vistula to watch the Polish Home Army, of which Jan Nowak was a lieutenant and a courier (to London), rise in its passion and go down under the German tanks after two months of betrayal and glory. This must be why this book, first published in a Polish-language edition in London in 1978 and smuggled into Poland, became an instant best-seller when subsequently reissued by the underground NOWA press in 1979. Indeed, it became a handbook for Solidarity. This is not just history—one of the favored literary forms of Poles—but actuality as well: this is the story, which continues, of underground resistance, against foreigners and totalitarianism, for liberty and independence. It explains how the Home Army was organized and, especially (since this is where Nowak's involvement was most direct), how propaganda was conducted against the Germans and liaison established with London, seat of the exiled legitimate government of Poland and, of course, of the British ally.

Inspiring as the story (which reads like an international thriller) is, today's readers in Warsaw and Gdansk must also find in it some sobering lessons. "Black" propaganda had only a marginal effect on German morale. As for the British ally, when the chips were down, first over the Katyn affair (the murder by the Soviets of ten thousand officers, the cream of Poland), then over the question of the composition of the post-war government ("Yalta!"), the British, that is to say Churchill and Eden and their advisers, did harm to Nowak and his chiefs.

Could it have been otherwise? Churchill had to defeat Hitler. And at "Yalta" (that symbol), what could Churchill do, without Roosevelt? In any event, Yalta, on paper at least, was neither a betrayal nor a division of Europe. It represented the objective correlation of forces. Our perception of that correlation is, unfortunately but surely, part of the correlation.

Shrewd Soviets! Naive Americans! Poor Poles! From a position of isolation, we could not possibly be less lucid than we are now. □

Roger Kaplan is a writer living in New York City and a frequent contributor to The American Spectator.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE: HISTORICAL FACT AND CURRENT FICTION

Robert L. Cord / Lambeth Press / $17.50

Terry Eastland

Thirty-five years ago in *Everson* v. *Board of Education* the Supreme Court held that state financing of school bus fares of parochial school students did not violate the Constitution. The court justified its decision on grounds that the state, in this case New Jersey, was merely trying to make sure that children got to school safely. Nonetheless, the question of an establishment of religion had been raised, and the court could not resist advancing, for the first time in its history, a comprehensive interpretation of the minimal prohibitions of the First Amendment's establishment clause.

Among the prohibitions listed by the court were such obvious and uncontroversial ones as that government may not set up a state church or prefer one religion to another. But the court moved beyond these to say as well that government may not prefer religion to nonreligion—that it must be, in effect, neutral between them. Writing for the court, Justice Hugo Black said that "no tax in any amount large or small can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion."

Everson was important, less for its verdict than its rationale, which laid the basis for future court decisions. In 1948, the court said that public school students may not be released from their classes to receive in-school religious instruction taught by ministers, rabbis, and priests. Later, in perhaps its most well-known establishment-clause decisions, the court struck down state-sponsored school prayers and Bible readings. It

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also voided an anti-evolution statute in Arkansas.

Because of *Everson*, the court, particularly in recent years, has found itself constantly having to decide questions of state aid. The court has been asked among other questions whether states may lend textbooks, instructional materials, and equipment to parochial schoolchildren; whether they may underwrite maintenance and repairs of parochial school buildings; whether they may finance equipment that would ensure the health, safety, and welfare of parochial school students; and whether they may provide such auxiliary services as counseling, testing, psychological services, and speech and hearing therapy to parochial schools.

Separation of Church and State by Robert L. Cord, a professor of politics at Northeastern University, is an argument against the modern line of establishment clause decisions, starting with *Everson*. Cord disagrees not only with many of the judgments in these cases but also with almost every one of their justifications. It would be inaccurate, however, to say that Cord wishes all of these cases had been properly decided and justified. Rather, he believes that many of them, especially those concerning state aid, should have never reached the Supreme Court; they should have been settled by the people, in their state legislatures. *Separation of Church and State* thus is also an attack on the Supreme Court for what Cord terms its "judicial preemption" of issues.

Cord's argument with the court is, for the most part, an argument about American history. The court has drawn on history to discover the meaning of the establishment clause, but Cord believes the court badly misreads the past. Roughly half of *Separation of Church and State* is given over to a presentation of the "historical fact" that, in Cord's view, exposes much of the court's version of history as little more than "current fiction."

The most important disagreement between Cord and the court concerns the issue of neutrality. What Justice Black said in *Everson*, that government may not prefer religion to nonreligion, has been repeated many times by most of his colleagues. The court has relied mostly upon statements by Madison and Jefferson to support this view. But never has it systematically inquired into what the framers of the establishment clause intended it to mean, nor into the attitudes and sentiments prevailing among American political leaders in the founding period. Indeed, it has not even tried to understand its establishment-clause heroes—Jefferson and Madison—in the entirety of their views.

Cord covers all these areas. He discusses the intentions of the framers of the establishment clause and concludes that they did not intend to constitutionalize government neutrality toward religion. Cord goes on to point out the numerous occasions on which the federal government did in fact aid religion, as when thanksgiving and prayer proclamations were issued, when congressional and military chaplaincies were created, and when various Christian missionaries were given federal tax dollars in their efforts to "civilize" the Indians. Finally, Cord treats the views of Madison and Jefferson in such detail that it becomes difficult to impute to either man the "absolutist" view of church-state separation often attributed to them by the modern Supreme Court.

Madison, for instance, wrote the famous "Memorial and Remonstrance" against the tax (in Virginia) levied in support of teachers of the

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Christian religion, a text often cited by the court in favor of government "neutrality" toward religion. But as Cord points out, Madison also wrote, and in the same year as the "Memorial" in fact, "A Bill for Punishing Disturbers of Religious Worship and *Sabbath* Breakers" (emphasis added).

Furthermore, the same Jefferson who gave to history (in 1802, in a letter to the Danbury Baptists) the metaphor of a "wall" separating church and state also, as President, took actions suggesting that in his view the wall was not all that high. For example, President Jefferson approved land grants to sectarian societies dedicated to propagating "the gospel among the Heathen." And he specifically asked the Senate to ratify a treaty with the Kaskaskia Indians, a condition of which was that federal money would be used to support a Catholic priest in his religious duties.

Cord's handling of history is so persuasive that it is hard to see how anyone could disagree with his central conclusion—namely, that the establishment clause was not designed to forbid the government's nondiscriminatory use of religious institutions to further secular ends. What is remarkable, of course, is that the modern Supreme Court has somehow found it possible to conclude otherwise.

Cord is right to score the justices sitting on the court since 1947 for their selective use of history to support their "neutrality" thesis. And certainly, if the court had understood history as he does, and used it as he would have, very different opinions would have been handed down over the past 35 years.

According to Cord, the court should have approved the in-school release-time program it struck down in 1948. Too, it should have let stand the religiously bland school prayer sponsored by New York State, which it voided in 1962. Cord's reason: in neither case did the state prefer a particular religion.

I am not sure that on Cord's terms the prayer decision in 1962 was incorrect; it could be argued that the prayer in question, drawn up by Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, preferred these religions to any others and was thus unconstitutional. Yet except in this and perhaps one or two other cases, Cord's views of how the court should have decided particular cases are persuasive.

Moreover, it seems to me that the country would be substantially better off had somewhere along the line—and obviously *Everson* would have been the best occasion—the court stated clearly that sectarian methods for achieving secular ends are not unconstitutional. There can be little doubt that had the court stated this principle, many of the First Amendment questions that it subsequently has had to decide would never have reached it. The failure to develop clear First Amendment guidelines has indeed meant that the court has had to act more or less as a legislature on state aid questions, effectively disenfranchising citizens in an area that should be constitutionally open to them.

Justice White, one of the few justices in recent years to say something correct about the establishment clause, was right when he noted in 1977 that "the court continues to misconstrue the First Amendment in a manner that discriminates against religion and is contrary to the fundamental educational needs of the country." If the court finally does accept the proposition that even incidental aid to religion might actually serve the public interest, Robert Cord will have the satisfaction of knowing that he demonstrated its honorable historical origins.

There still remains, however, the important need for argument—for showing why government need *not* be neutral between religion and nonreligion. This is so because the history of an idea, while obviously important, is not a sufficient reason for accepting its truth. This is not merely an academic point. Cord has written the kind of book the court's interest in history invites. But it strikes me that the court, here as in so many other areas, has been less interested in history than in using it to advance its particular belief about the kind of society America should be. In particular, this belief is that America should be a secular nation, with religion consigned wholly to private living, none of its distinctive features allowed to influence public life.

Battling this belief will require more than invoking history. It will require sustained argument in behalf of an idea, and this argument will have to take place not only in scholarly forums but also the culture at large. For the court's view that government should be neutral between religion and nonreligion has had effects far beyond particular cases. Today the establishment clause has an almost sorcerous power such that its mere mention, like the mention of the words "separation of church and state," suggests for many people—including even political conservatives like Barry Goldwater—that religion must have no place in our public life.

Demonstrating that this idea is wrong would require a lengthy argument about the nature and sources of virtue, and its relationship to the American republic. That Cord has not attempted to make this argument is, however, no mark against his timely book. It is accomplishment enough that he has done what he set out to do—write a book that successfully criticizes the court's uses of American history. *Separation of Church and State* deserves a wide reading. But failing that, it certainly deserves to be read in the offices of the eight old men, and the one lady. □

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THE BOOK OF FORTUNE

Daniel Mark Epstein / The Overlook Press / $10.95

Jeffrey Hart

In the September 1982 issue of *The American Spectator*, in the course of a review of Eileen Simpson's *Poets in Their Youth*, a memoir about John Berryman, Randall Jarrell, Robert Lowell, and other mid-century poets, I mentioned the special difficulties that beset poets who wrote in the shadow of the great twentieth-century modernists. The achievement of Eliot, Yeats, Stevens, Joyce, Proust, Pound, and the other towering figures put unusual pressure upon those who came after them. Writing poetry and fiction became *difficult*. The poets of the sixties, some of them at least, deliberately ducked the issue. Allen Ginsberg, for example, leaps backward over the modernists and takes Whitman for his model. In *Howl* and, especially, *Kaddish*, Ginsberg has written well; but the problem of our modernist inheritance has lingered, troubling and unassimilated for the most part. Now, in his latest volume, *The Book of Fortune*, the young poet Daniel Mark Epstein confronts the issue head-on. He absorbs the technical virtuosity of the classical modernists, but still, marvelous to report, he is not absorbed by them. He emerges very much with his own voice. This is a major literary development, and I believe we have a new major poet on our hands.

Daniel Mark Epstein's *No Vacancies In Hell* (1973) and *The Follies* (1977) produced impassioned and puzzled responses. Here was a poet with the technique and intellectual rigor of the Modernists, and the madness of the Beats. The first book opened with sensuous love lyrics one might expect from a 24-year-old, and closed with Gothic monologues reclaiming lost chapters of American history. No one knew quite what to make of it. Critics did agree the work was strong and musical, and Epstein won the Prix de Rome. *Young Men's Gold* (1978) and the verse drama *Midnight Visitor*, produced off-

Jeffrey Hart is Professor of English at Dartmouth College, a contributing editor of National Review, *and author, most recently, of* When the Going Was Good!: American Life in the Fifties.

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Broadway, broadened Epstein's technical range without defining his place in American poetry. Who are his antecedents, and what is his aesthetic position?

The Book of Fortune helps to answer these questions. If *Young Men's Gold* seemed at times impetuous and sprawling, the new book is careful, almost too careful. There are twelve poems, selected and ordered with Eliotic precision. Where Byron and Browning were the guardian spirits of Epstein's earlier work, T.S. Eliot is the influence most evident in *The Book of Fortune.* And Epstein's intentions, thematic and aesthetic, are as clear as Eliot's in *Prufrock.*

First, Art succeeds only at great risk. The opening poem "Climbing," about a window-washer who "loves high windows," is an exuberant metaphor for the poet and his audience "Whose vision he rinses clean as fresh glass." At day's end, "sadly he rides the elevator down / and starts again at the foot of the blind wall." Windows, like readers, need constant refreshening, and are mostly indifferent to the window-washer's dangerous efforts.

If Art is accomplished at a necessary risk, so is all human intimacy. Epstein's paean to his grandfather, the anti-elegaic "Notes For A Conversation," sets up a compelling drama. On the way to his grandfather's deathbed the poet composes an eloquent farewell. Then he cannot deliver it because he is overwhelmed. "A harsh, all-seeing light/rushes, crowds your room as if the sun/had risen on both sides of us at once." The poem is tragedy wrought to its uttermost, and a breakthrough for the elegaic form.

The poems "Schoolhouses" and "Lafayette Square" are destined to become classics. The first is a poem of metaphysical wit, on the violence inherent in education. On a stroll with his daughter around a ruined school, Epstein leads us to the question: "What have I learned in school but the savage joy/of asking questions that brought the building down?"

"Lafayette Square," in the voice of Henry Adams's wife, is a profound psychological portrait of a woman driven to suicide by her husband's technological prophecies of doom. "Ideas never made a child," she says, "though they kill men." But Epstein does not leave us on this note. In a companion monologue the humorous mystic John Burroughs offers an antidote, as he advises Thomas Edison and Henry Ford to respect "the universe that is one human soul."

These poems are awesomely learned, in the manner of High Modernism, but they bear their learning in a graceful, sometimes carefree manner. Epstein can handle the classic line, but he can also manhandle it, as he does in the prophetic "Ode To Virgil": "Pneumatic sage, son of the Empire, come home! / Your villa is on fire! Vergilius, all is forgiven! / St. Paul regrets you died too soon to be converted." The tonal influence here is Allen Ginsberg.

It took the hysteria and anti-academic line of the Beats to free poetry from the scholarly rule of Pound and Eliot. The author of *The Book of Fortune* may be the first American poet to synthesize these opposing poetics, to have it both ways. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

A Solzhenitsyn's Tribute

On October 28, 1982, almost three hundred people gathered for dinner at the Essex House in New York City to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of a little known quarterly, *Religion in Communist Dominated Areas* (*RCDA*) and to pay tribute to the two extraordinary people who have kept it alive, Blahoslav and Olga Hruby.

The only U.S. scholarly publication devoted to reporting on religion—and religious repression—behind the Iron Curtain, *RCDA* was founded under the sponsorship of the National Council of Churches by Dr. Paul Anderson, a specialist on the Russian Orthodox Church, and Blahoslav Hruby, a Czech-born Presbyterian minister. In 1971 the National Council, by now less interested in religious freedom than in exposing the villainy of U.S. society, withdrew its support, and the Hrubys founded their own research center to continue publication of the magazine.

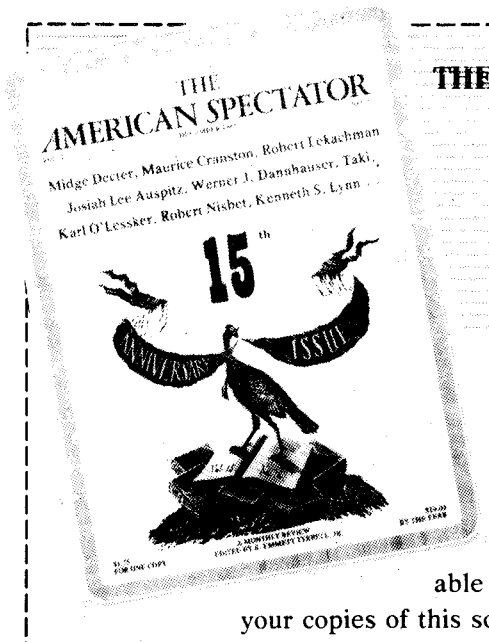
The most dramatic in a series of tributes to *RCDA* came from Natalia Solzhenitsyn, who accepted *RCDA*'s human rights award on behalf of Father Gleb Yakunin, the Russian Orthodox priest currently serving a lengthy sentence at hard labor in a Soviet prison camp. (Father Yakunin's 1975 appeal for help for the oppressed church had been smuggled out of the Soviet Union, translated by Olga Hruby, and then sent to the World Council of Churches meeting in Nairobi where for the first time WCC leaders were forced to deal with the subject of religious persecution in the Soviet Union.) Mrs. Solzhenitsyn described first learning about *RCDA* in Switzerland, where she and her husband had gone upon being expelled from the Soviet Union:

> We had just arrived there and we had the feeling that everything was foreign, alien, and that it was very difficult to live. Every day we received thousands of journals, books and appeals, and we felt that we would not be able to penetrate that jungle. But then we felt the need to acquaint ourselves with the Western press, and so we divided the work—Aleksandr Isayevich looked at everything in the German language and I investigated everything in the English language. And everything we read was full of those things that interest the West—oil shortages, the election of the French President, and so on. And suddenly I had in my hands the journal *RCDA*, and I simply could not believe my eyes. And I saw there a detailed description of the difficulties and sufferings of the monks in the Pochayev monastery. I read one of the appeals of Father Gleb Yakunin. I read analyses and commentaries about the religious life of our country which could well have been written by one of us living there in the USSR.
>
> And I ran with the journal to Aleksandr Isayevich and cried to him: "Look, look, here in the West they know everything!" A little time went by and we soon learned that in the West they knew very little and understood very little and that such people as Blahoslav Hruby and his wife Olga belong—as always has been true in the past—to a very, very small flock.*

Most of the others receiving *RCDA*'s human rights awards that evening could not be there: Ida Nudel, the imprisoned Jewish human rights leader, as well as heads of Solidarity and Charter 77, the Czech human rights monitoring group, whose leaders move in and out of prison. Only Maxwell Cohen, a lawyer cited for his efforts on behalf of Biafra and the Sudan, was able to accept in person.

Blahoslav Hruby struggled against the Nazis in occupied Europe and immediately after the war, in Prague, helped refugees escape from Soviet-controlled territory. In the last decade the Hrubys have fought the disheartening indifference of the leadership of mainline churches, who lend themselves to such propaganda festivals for religious leaders as the

*Mrs. Solzhenitsyn spoke in Russian and her remarks were translated by Father Leonid Kishkovsky.



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May 1982 conference in Moscow "Saving the Sacred Gift of Life from Nuclear Catastrophe." Their fight has been lonely, but sustained by the appreciation that reaches them from behind the Iron Curtain, both from those in the "official" church who report how they have managed to extract a few concessions from the authorities because of the watchful *RCDA* and from those in the persecuted church, ranging from the Gleb Yakunins to the Chmykhalov and Vashchenko families, in the basement of the U.S. embassy in Moscow since June 1978. It was the Hrubys who persuaded Senator Carl Levin to introduce the bill now pending in Congress to give these families permanent resident status, making them eligible for U.S. citizenship this June, when they will have been five years in the embassy.

It was good to sit with Hrubys' friends and hear unsung heroes serenaded. —*Rael Jean Isaac*

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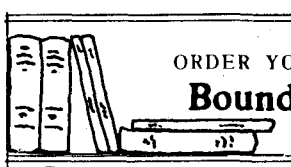

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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 31)

curred on June 14, 1775. Some months later—on October 30, 1775, the United States Navy was born. It was not until November that the Marine Corps arrived on the scene. (Incidentally, some figures suggest that the U.S. Army actually dates back to the formation of the 182nd Infantry Regiment and the 101st Engineer Battalion in 1636, both of which still exist as units in the United States Army.) . . .

I congratulate Mr. McGurn on his commendable fidelity to the Corps.

—*Major David G. Boyd*
U.S. Army, Fort Sheridan, Illinois

Great Performances

As a lover of his operas for many years, I take exception to your statement that TV news broadcasts are Wagnerian spectacles ("CBS Beholds the Noose," *TAS*, November 1982). Nothing could be further from the truth.

If one wishes to insult the memory of any musical genius by such a comparison, I suggest that Mozartian would be more appropriate—and cite *The Magic Flute*. Its plot is weak and its setting grand. It portrays love, hate, virtue, crime, intrigue, race relations, religion, animals, comedy, attempted suicide, and even a touch of foul weather. In short, all the elements of TV news. —*Jack R. Harnes, M.D.*
New York, New York

Positive Elements

I regret that in Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.'s otherwise extremely well-written and thoughtful review of Theodore H. White's latest book (*TAS*, October 1982) his comments on the antinuclear demonstrations border on the sophomoric caricatures of liberals all too common in *The American Spectator*. I myself did not participate in any of these demonstrations, and I have no doubt that Bishop's characterization of many of the participants is accurate. Nevertheless, I am convinced that there was at least a sizable minority of demonstrators understandably troubled by the policies of the Reagan Administration: its apparently cavalier attitude toward the prospect of nuclear war, its doubts about the possibility of successful arms negotiations, and its indifference to the threats of accidental war and nuclear proliferation. To reduce the entire antinuclear movement to its most muddleheaded, ignorant, and pacifist elements seems to me an arrogant failure to take seriously the opinions of those with whom one disagrees.

—*Steven R. Gerber*
New York, New York

Self Interest

In an exceptionally interesting review of Shlomo Maital's *Minds, Markets, and Money* (*TAS*, November 1982), Stephen Miller refers to "a wide variety of thinkers," including Mandeville, Samuel Johnson, Adam Smith, David Hume, and the authors of the *Federalist*, who are said to have believed that "most people were driven by the engine of self-interest," by which they meant that "most people want to improve their material condition."

My purpose in this letter is to examine the often misunderstood relation between "self-interested" action and action aimed at improving one's "*material* condition," in the light of modern economists' understanding of the incentives to economic activity. On this conception, all action—both "selfish" and "altruistic"—is properly regarded as self-interested. Furthermore, contrary to unreflective usage, "selfish" objectives are not necessarily material objectives, and "altruistic" ends are not always nonmaterial in nature.

Neither Miller nor Maital seems fully to understand these distinctions. Miller, in fact, contradicts himself: "[Adam Smith] took it for granted that some [people] are not [animated by self-interest], that their self-interest can take the form of a desire for fame as a legislator rather than a desire for a better material condition." Miller's example, it is clear, is of an end, personal fame, which is both selfish and nonmaterial. On the other hand, one working to provide food for the starving in Asia has an objective which is both altruistic and material. Plainly, then, the common equating of "selfish" with "materialistic" and of "altruistic" with "spiritual" or "nonmaterial" ends is erroneous.

Miller quotes Christopher Lasch, who wants to construct "a new form of society in which collective needs rather than private profit determine the form and content of production." It is my case, and was that of Adam Smith, that when the composition of the stock of assets and the supplies of effort and skill are a response to the "profit motive" in the free market, "collective needs" (covering *all* human ends) are served, not ignored. Indeed, the only meaning which can be given to the word "needs" here involves an understanding that investment is made in the services of men and the services of assets in any particular activity or occupation, up to the point at which marginal prospective yields are equated with the real rate of interest. At that point people in their consumer capacity are predicted to prefer other kinds of output from the scarce resources (men and assets) available.

Today, when economists refer to "competition," it is this process that they envisage in operation. Indeed, "competition" may be defined as "the process of substituting lower-cost methods of achieving *any* human objective, *including* the production and marketing of any product, or the substitution of a preferred product." This definition serves irrespective of the institutional setup necessary to release or protect the "loss-avoidance profit-seeking incentives" which activate the system, and irrespective of whether people are greedy or generous.

It should be noticed that, in this definition, there is no confinement to *material* objectives. Of course, men have to satisfy their material needs. But the term "objectives" here covers aesthetic and altruistically motivated objectives also. Social psychologists have distinguished between self-regarding and other-regarding actions. If we use their terminology, then self-interested economic activity is not solely self-regarding; it is, and has always been, largely other-regarding. When I give voluntarily, it is because it is in my interest to give. Economically, if not morally, my "altruistic" desire to give has the same status as a "selfish" desire to get. Each motivates me to action; each, if fulfilled, gives me satisfaction. The concept of self-interest in this approach makes Maital's implication that "altruism lies beyond self-interest" quite inapplicable. Further, Stephen Miller's question which follows is surely misphrased, although his point is well-taken. He asks, "When will writers stop making a bogeyman out of self-interest, assuming that anyone who pursues his self-interest *always* pursues it—that he is never capable of sacrifice or altruism?"

It is true that any individual seeking his own material, aesthetic, altruistic, or self-regarding objectives, may cause harm to others in the sense that the ends he tries to achieve may conflict with the ends others try to achieve. But of course (something Maital fails to see) this is true of *all*, not simply material or "selfish" ones.

It may help to explain that when a nonmaterial objective is sought, to the extent to which its achievement involves a cost, i.e., the sacrifice of some other objective, . . . it is *a product* of the same economic status as say, butter, or books, or a house, or an insurance policy. —*W.H. Hutt*
Distinguished Professor of Economics
University of Dallas

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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 8)

the letter never been written they would have groused that they were being ignored. As the bishops stride into the New Dawn they are as dogmatic as ever and no better informed.

Once again they are dogmatizing the antiquated. The progressive foreign policy that the bishops have decided to recognize was found to be valueless in the late 1970s. Essentially it is a foreign policy that cashiers military strength and the willingness to use it for persuasion, moral example, and high-minded negotiations. All in all it amounts to a trinity of bosh as effective in securing foreign policy goals as good looks and erotic after-shave lotion.

The Catholic bishops and their new allies in the nuclear freeze movement may think that high-mindedness is a revolutionary approach to foreign policy but close students of the Carter Administration know better. High-mindedness was the heart of the Carter foreign policy. Persuasion, moral example, and an absolute lust to negotiate were useless in ending Hanoi's brutality toward the boat people, ridding Afghanistan of Soviet troops, or banning the use of chemical and biological warfare by the Soviets and their henchmen. When Jimmy duly implemented his progressive foreign policy against the Ayatollah, the old crank humiliated him for 444 days.

The uselessness of progressive foreign policy is as manifest today as the uselessness of appeasement was two years after Hitler's panzers rolled into Poland. That the advocates of the freeze movement should be thumping so furiously for moral exhibitionism as opposed to vigilance and strength is but more evidence of mankind's longing for the irrational. That the Catholic bishops now thump for it is evidence of that and more.

The Catholic hierarchy has always had an intellectual inferiority complex. Most of its members are essentially ecclesiastical politicians who once believed that their robes and their collars would grant them power and authority. Yet in modern America their power is draining off to the shrinks, the schoolmarms, and the disciples of Mammon. The religious leaders are at a dreadful intellectual disadvantage in our cynical secular world. The spirits and principalities of the upper atmosphere are not accorded a very respectable hearing here, and most of the religious virtues are viewed as curious at best and as fit subjects for clinical inquiry at many universities. With the rise of the nuclear freeze doubtless many of the good bishops thought that they could gain both intellectual respectability and political power in one sally. They are probably in error. Furthermore this error could prove catastrophic, leaving the American Catholic Church somewhat like its French counterpart whose hierarchy having taken one ill-advised political position too many now mainly serves as the butt of ribaldry and the curator for empty monuments built in another age.

The Catholic Church in America has been an immigrant church whose members looked to the bishops for religious and worldly counsel. The immigrants are now mostly dead. Their heirs are no longer so easily led. Right now the Catholic laity is taking sides on foreign policy and neither side will feel very congenial with bishops who opposed them on a question that they rightly view as mainly political. Next spring when the bishops' pastoral letter goes out still more pious Catholics will be snoozing in the feathers on Sunday morn. □

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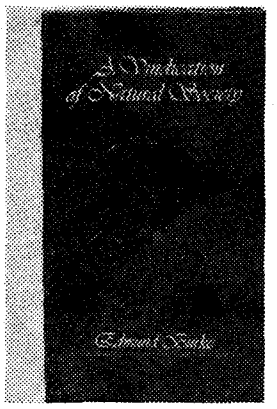

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CURRENT WISDOM

National Catholic Reporter

The *National Catholic Reporter* serves up another compelling argument for agnosticism:

What would a Christian society look like, were one to exist? . . . A lot like Nicaragua, says one group of church leaders—the country is full of faithful people generating hope. The group of U.S. religious leaders recently returned from a fact-finding mission to Nicaragua. They went at the invitation of CONFER, the Nicaraguan conference of religious women and men, to investigate charges of religious persecution by the Nicaraguan government. The group found, they say, "enthusiastic support" of the Sandinistas by the majority of the Nicaraguan people, and a government structure and civil society "based on a profoundly Christian value system," according to group member Father George Crespin, chancellor of the Oakland diocese.

"The present government's priority is the poor and this means the way of life for the rich is having to change. Some people are not comfortable with the profound changes occurring in the way the country is run. There is a radical difference in priorities, values and structures," Crespin said after his return.

[*November 19, 1982*]

Rolling Stone

The makings of a criminal mind:

John Lennon pursued his career of being a non-performing ex-Beatle private person with the same intensity that he had always carried to his music. He returned to Yoko in March 1975, after a year and a half of separation. After Yoko took him back and—as important or more so—after Sean Ono Lennon was born on October 9th (John's birthday as well) of that year, he did not so much become a different person as he became the adult man that he had always wanted to be. The reason was Yoko. She gave—nay, *imposed* upon him—the direction that he felt he needed. And she gave him Sean Ono, whom both viewed as a perfect child capable of being reared under ideal conditions to become an ideal human being: one free of sexism and racism and all the other isms that John and Yoko felt were branded upon helpless children. During the pregnancy, John and Yoko were fanatically health conscious. They went to classes and studied natural childbirth. But Yoko had a difficult delivery. When labor began, she went into convulsions. John called for a doctor, but when the doctor entered the delivery room, he allegedly ignored Yoko and raced over to John and said, "You know, I always loved your music as a Beatle, and I always wanted to shake your hand!"

"Fuck *off*!" John screamed. "Save Yoko's *life*!"

[*October 14, 1982*]

Ms.

At *Ms.* the high philosophical discourse continues, receiving a stupendous jolt from a professional bed wetter in the correspondence section. Certain structural elements in the argument suggest that it is the work of Jane Fonda, though Betty Ford is not to be ruled out:

As a woman who recently began to have "heavy spurting emissions during intercourse," I am grateful for the research being done. First, I know I'm not a freak, and second, no uninformed doctor will be able to talk me into surgery to correct "urinary incontinence"—as they've done to ejaculatory women for years.

There is nothing wrong with our enjoying sex more, and I, for one, am glad I found my spot. Having this additional way to experience orgasm has enhanced my sexuality 1,000 percent. Although some men are turned off by the messy gushes (where do they get off anyway?), I wouldn't go back to dry orgasms for anyone.

—*Name withheld*

[*December 1982*]

The Nation

A moderate Socialist leads a moderately Socialist party to victory in Madrid, and the *Nation*'s Mr. Christopher Hitchens puts on a wig and taps out prose rarely seen outside the secret diary of a high-school cheerleader:

To stand at the center of a Socialist Party victory celebration a mere seven years after the putrefying body of Franco was actually buried, and to see the Spanish right not just defeated but humiliated, was to experience a reverberation of emotions. Emotions from the streets, where young couples mocked the detestable police and civil guard, reminding them that their days of mastery were done. Emotions from the crowds cheering the electoral defeat of the fascist parties, whose results were statistically undetectable. Emotions from the old Francoists one saw gaping in disbelief at their television screens as, city by city and region by region, Spain fell to the left.

At the victory party could be seen survivors of the civil war, of prison and exile and torture, mixing with Nicaraguans, Salvadorans and delegations from the new Socialist regimes of France and Greece. Euphoria was the dominant feeling, combined with a sense of how history has condemned the European right. The glorious dustbin seemed to be opening at the very feet of reaction. New dawns were spoken of freely.

[*November 13, 1982*]

National Catholic Reporter

Papist columnist Thomas E. Blackburn paints a gloomy scene:

I also fear today's young liberals without conservative roots may stumble upon William F. Buckley's form of high church religion and think it is new and innovative instead of tired and off the point. And after Buckley, read Evelyn Waugh with affection.

[*December 3, 1982*]

The Nation

From Boston College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Drs. Bluestone and Harrison produce an exigent bull on "radical reindustrialization" portending yet another New Dawn for dolts:

. . . If radical reindustrialization rejects private profit as the sole criterion for designing and managing a progressive industrial policy—and this is an absolutely essential first principle—then to what goals do we subscribe? First and foremost, there must be a rising standard of living for all working people. As a corollary concern there must be an adequate supply of useful goods and services, whether or not they can always be made or provided at a profit. Third, the process of reindustrialization—the organization of the activities to be developed, renewed, rescued, or revived—should aim toward creating more hospitable, more interesting, less authoritarian and safer work environments. Fourth, to insure that the planning process adheres to these goals, it will be necessary to radically expand the nature of active popular participation in the day-to-day operation of the basic institutions of the economy and the society. This principle of "economic democracy" must be applied at every level, from the factory (or office) to the neighborhood, the municipality, the statehouse, regional organizations and, ultimately, to the national government itself.

[*September 11, 1982*]

The National Law Journal

How future John Marshalls gain their spurs:

Even though a statute is constitutional on its face, an evidentiary hearing must still be held to determine whether it is constitutional as applied to the defendant, the 11th Circuit held Aug. 26.

In *Lamar v. Banks*, 81-7347, Joseph Lamar, an Atlanta taxicab driver, had been convicted and sentenced to one year in jail under a Georgia "fighting words" statute for saying to a female passenger "I bet your honey doesn't have the 9½-inch penis I have." Mr. Lamar's petition for a writ of habeas corpus was denied by the District Court.

Judge Richard S. Arnold, speaking for the appeals court and sitting by designation, reversed the lower court's decision in part and remanded the case. He said that Mr. Lamar's words were not inflammatory per se. Since there was no trial transcript to show precisely what evidence the fact finder had heard, Mr. Lamar deserved a new hearing, Judge Arnold concluded.

[*October 11, 1982*]

The Louisiana Economy

A press release from Louisiana Tech University, proving that science marches on:

Utilizing data provided by Louisiana's mental health clinics for the period 1972-1977, Michael Couvillion concluded recently that mental illness has an adverse effect on a person's employment status. This finding comes from Couvillion's doctoral dissertation at Louisiana Tech University, the primary objective of which was to determine how an individual person's employment and mental health are interrelated.

[*August 9, 1982*]

The Nation

One of the *Nation*'s enlightened fabulists ponders another of the goofball immensities that keep his colleagues on the alert, to wit: why is the Washington press corps so mellow in the presence of an obvious chimera?

Perhaps it intuits the chaos and rage beneath the Presidential surface, a glimpse of which was provided a few weeks ago at that meeting with Republican candidates where Reagan told an annoying questioner to shut up. Casting themselves in the role of psychotherapists, the reporters may be seeking to serve the nation by behaving so cooperatively, avoiding the prospect of the real Reagan bursting forth and threatening the future of the globe. There is a function, however, to putting pressure on Presidents at press conferences: it allows the citizenry to take full measure of their elected servants.

[*November 27, 1982*]

The Great Books Series

The acute mind of author and *bon vivant* Craig Stratton cites one of our society's most egregious lapses in an important new book for 1980s sophisticates:

It seems incredible, in this modern day and age, with all of the great advances our society has known . . . with all of its technological achievements, that scientists have not discovered a new breast enlargement method.

Breast Enlargement & Waist Reduction
by Craig Stratton
[*Ad-Images, 1982*]

The Washington Post

Anthropological notes culled from the correspondence page of the esteemed *Post*:

In response to Carl Rowan's "The Inalienable Right to Football" [op-ed, Aug. 17], I don't think anyone could have written a better article on the matter. I would like to say, though, that there are plenty of females like myself who love the game of football. Football is as much a part of the cold weather as is snow, ice and the heating bill. My husband and I make our social plans around the football games or have our friends over to share the excitement, bets, the food, etc.

We have the same cry as Carl Rowan: don't punish Americans with a lockout or strike!

[*September 1, 1982*]

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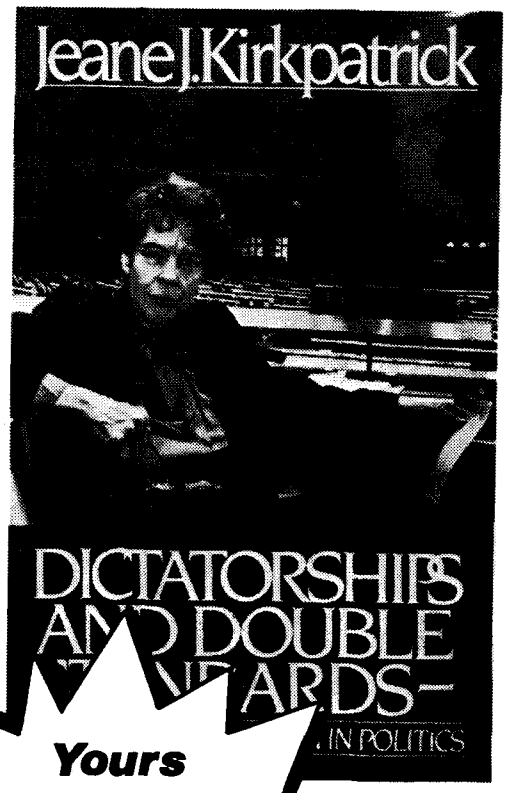
When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

"How can it be," asks Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, "that persons so deeply committed to the liberation of South Vietnam and Cambodia . . . were so little affected by the enslavement that followed their liberation? Why are Western liberals — who often are such smart people — such slow learners about Communism?" Our outspoken UN Ambassador answers this riddle in one of the most searching critiques of liberalism since Burnham's *Suicide of the West.*



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Did you ever dream you'd hear our Ambassador to the UN saying the unmentionable?

- "Our times seem especially hospitable to bad ideas, probably because, in throwing off the shackles of tradition, we have left ourselves especially vulnerable to untried nostrums and untested theories."
- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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